This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

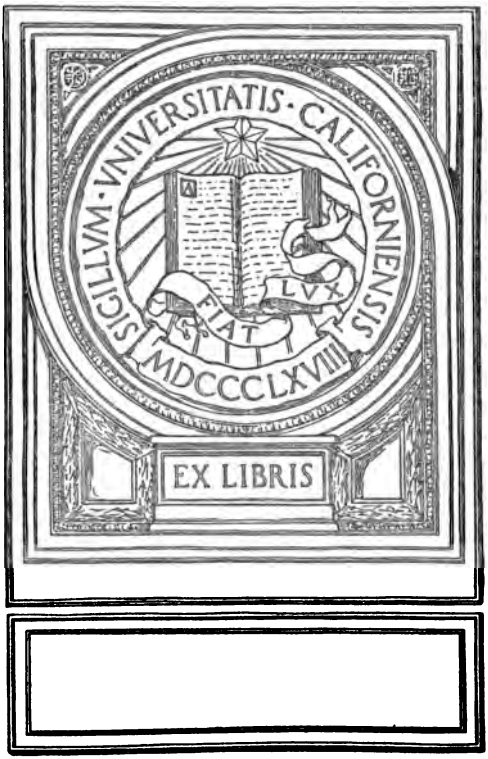
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UC-NRLF
$B 274 880

247


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

ULRIC; OR, THE VOICES.

ULRIC;

OR,

THE VOICES.

BY

T. S. FAY.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.
M.DCCCLI.

953
F253
u

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by
D. APPLETON & CO.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

FW

TO

HIS SISTER,

Mrs. Caroline Broome Jones,

[AS A MARK OF

SINCERE AFFECTION,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

BERLIN, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1850.

M167380

CALIFORNIA

ULRIC; OR THE VOICES.

CANTO I.

"'Twas fifteen hundred years ago:
How strangely swift the ages flow!
With all their passion and their roar,
Like billows breaking on the shore!
And we, who watch and muse, forget
The wide, wild tide is foaming yet,
And bears us onward and away,
Like bubbles of the bursting spray,
Or clouds that melted yesterday.

"'Twas fifteen hundred years ago,
When ope'd the rocky tomb — and lo!

He — the rejected and the slain —
Walked, calm and free, the earth again.
The very grave its dead hath given;
Its Lord, the very throne of heaven;
Yet, as before, man's life, misspent,
Calls from the earth for punishment;
Still, mocking the Omnipotent,
He scorns the proffered prize,
A sinner and an infidel,
Each day his birthright doth he sell,
Seeks, still fôrewarned, the fowler's spell,
And takes the very path to Hell,
With open eyes!"

Where, slowly flowing, winds its way,
By wood and plain, the modest Spree,
And bathes the castle and the wall
Of Brandenbourg's old capital,
What time the elector's princely hand
With the new faith had filled the land,
And every priest and every dome,
With solemn pomp, had drawn from Rome,—

Thus mused the soldier—not alone
One whom his sovereign well might own;
For earthly glory, too, had shone
Round his victorious sword!
But soldier of the cross—to fight
Against the dark ones of sin's night,
And put Hell's treacherous chief to flight,
With Christ's almighty word.

And now, to old St. Nicholai,
The enlightened crowds around him hie,
Where Luther to the pulpit came,
Kindling again the ancient flame,
In streams as broad as that of yore
On Palestina's holy shore,
Where Mede and Elamite and Crete
Did, in one common centre, meet
On Pentecost, at Peter's feet.

Amid the throng, in thoughtful mood,
The young Rittmeister silent stood,
And, with attentive ear,

Against a column's lofty base,
With folded arms and motionless,
Leaned, each calm truth to hear.
St. Paul! it was a sight to see,
Of Christ so firm a votary;
Though his rich garb and noble mien,
Spoke one not strange to joy terrene,
But formed to tread each brilliant scene
Of passion and of pride;
And formed to be a welcome guest,
Among the highest and the best,
That seek, alas! in vain, their rest
On pleasure's sparkling tide.
A child of fortune and of fame,
Ulric von Rosenberg his name,
And he the favored heir
Of many a rood of fertile land,
And many a vassal's faithful hand,
And many a castle, strong and grand,
And park and garden fair.
And at the marked and earnest grace,
And the calm beauty of his face,

More than one heart, in vain,
That strove from earthly thoughts to rise,
Caught by those dark, expressive eyes,
Forgot its own immortal weal,
And Heav'n itself, sometimes, to steal
A secret look again.

And now the simple rites conclude;
And now the pious multitude
Homeward their footsteps bent;
All save the holier, chosen few,
Who lingered, when the rest withdrew,
To take the sacrament.

And who shall tell what Ulric felt,
When at the altar low he knelt,
In deep repentant prayer;
And took the bread—and took the wine,
In worship sad, as sacred sign,
And thought he saw a glory shine,
As if in person his divine
Redeemer had been there.

And hark! a voice! "Ulric!" it said,
"Follow my footsteps undismayed;
Of earth—of Hell, be not afraid;
Let sin—let sorrow cease.
Believe, and to your faith be true,
Your heart I strengthen and renew.
These words I 've spoken unto you,
That you may know my peace.
And what you ask, sincere, from Heaven,
And in my name, it shall be given.
It shall be given, although it be
Mountains to cast into the sea."

He rose, when, 'gainst a column leaning,
His lighted features full of meaning,
With folded arms upon his breast,
And scornful smile but ill suppressed,
He saw his deadliest enemy,
Steinfort, who came the rite to see,
In insult and in mockery!
Steinfort, his cousin, and co-heir
To his old uncle's fortune fair.

But Ulric, wrapped in holy trance,
Scarce gave his foe a passing glance.
Sublimer things employed his thought.
And when he turned and left the spot,
It was as he had seen him not;
Or, with a pulse unstirred and even,
Had seen, had pitied, and forgiven.

And now with thoughtful step and slow,
Alone did Ulric homeward go,
And pondered deep and pondered long,
On his past life—so blind—so wrong.
On many a deed, of import slight
To those who grope in reason's light,
But to the few who see aright,
As poison foul, and black as night.
And inly prayed that God would bless
His sacrifice of righteousness!
Keep him from leprous sin apart,
And write His laws upon his heart.
And so he reached the palace gate,
His home of almost royal state.

'Twas noon—and at the end of May;
And thus another well-spent day
Was fleeting sinless by:
And, full of holy quiet, at
An open casement now he sat,
Lost in a reverie.
And as he careless gazed around
Upon the garden's beauteous ground,
And let his eyes unconscious rove
Through each wild path and stately grove,
And thought how wondrous fair and bright
They glittered in the warm sunlight;
And as the luscious perfume blew,
In grateful clouds, the window through,
He felt come over him a change—
He knew not what—but passing strange.

"These waving woods—this palace fair—
Castle and town—and vintage rare—"
Thus ran his thought: "and I am heir!
A pretty thing to own!
My uncle hath a lusty health—

Mine were, in faith, a noble wealth—
Were he but gone!
Black wish! and whither would it drive me?
God grant the old man may survive me!"

With quicker breath he leaned to bare
His forehead to the cooling air,
And quicker flowed his troubled thought.

"And if these pious dreams be nought!
Of lazy priests, the canting lie—
A fable for the nursery!
Oh, Heaven forgive! thy light restore me!
What chilling shadow hath come o'er me?"

He knew not what his spirit swayed,
So darkly on his fancy weighed—
His feeling soiled—his soul betrayed,
And down from Heaven drew;
But He—the Dark One—Prince of Sin!
Who sudden stood the room within,
And round him breathed his vapor thin

Of fleshly lust—*He* knew.
He saw his wily arts o'erthrown,
Saw from his toils a victim flown,
But ever claimed him for his own;
Had marked, in many a year by-gone,
Th' aspiring Christian well!
And all the day, upon his track,
Had watched, resolved to bring him back,
Into the path of Hell.
And now, unseen and still, did glide
Close to the youth's unconscious side,
And through each vain disguise,
With cruel hate and devilish art,
Deep—deep into his victim's heart,
Did pierce his fearful eyes.

"Oh, Holy Cross! what have we here?
A precious mixture, deep and clear!
And heavenward soars our cavalier!
Must earth and sin forget!
Hell hath no charm for such a heart!
Faith shields it from the tempter's dart:

Oh! ho!—ha! ha! I think we part,
My pious saint, not yet!"

But hark! what blended, rapid sound
Through all the palace spreads around?
And now, a bell convulsive rings,
And now the door wide open swings,
And a pale, stammering servant brings,
With swift, fear-quickened tread,
The stunning, wild intelligence—
"Your uncle, sir, His Excellence,
Who but an hour ago, from hence,
To ride went forth—is dead."

He clasped his hands with 'wildered start;
What strong emotion, through his heart,
Swift streamed without alloy!
Say, was it love? or blind surprise?
Or grief, that filled his flashing eyes?
No! it was what, who grasps a prize,
Feels in his breast resistless rise—
'Twas triumph! it was joy.

"Away," he said. The man withdrew.
But then, remorse his bosom through
Pierced quick, and mingled shame.
He thrust the bolt across the door—
He knelt him down upon the floor,
And in that holy name,
Prayed, with a deep sincerity,
From such foul sin his soul to free,
And bid himself in torture die,
Or bid, of woe and beggary,
To drink the chalice full—
Rather than, all beneath the sky,
Of splendor, at the price, to buy,
Of his immortal soul!

And from his knees he scarce arose,
When once again a rapid buzz
Of mingling voices strikes his ear,
And forth he went the news to hear.
When lo! again the messenger!
Yet now, in truth, not pale with fear,
But wreathed with smiles his lips to tell

The accident as it befell.
His Excellency back had come;
Alive and well had reached his home.
Report had named him for the groom,
Who, in a sudden fit, had died,
While riding by his master's side.

And oh! if from a human heart
All self were ever thrust apart,
If ever joy and candor spoke
In words from human lips that broke;
If ever rose a prayer sincere,
And fit for Heav'n's approving ear,
It rose from Ulric, when he pressed
His aged uncle to his breast.

But from his breast the rising prayer,
Cut sudden short, dispersed in air,
And, for the peace that o'er him streamed,
Now rose revenge, and fury gleamed;
For scornful Steinfort, passing by,
Low whispering, waited not reply:

"In faith, Count Ulric, thou wast nigh
The master and the lord to be
Of many a noble seigneurie!
But lo! again thy uncle's face!
Ha! ha! enjoy thy glad embrace!"

"What mutters Steinfort?"
"All men know,
Dear uncle, him my constant foe.
And only thy supreme command
Shields him from my indignant hand.
I know not why it is my fate
To suffer his audacious hate.
His haughty look, his rancorous tongue,
Pursue my footsteps all day long;
And yet I never did him wrong."

"Tush! he is good. Too quick art thou;
Such quarrel, for my sake, forego.
Obey! for I will have it so!"

"Well! well! dear uncle, I will try,
If love hath any sorcery,
To save me from his evil eye!"

CANTO II.

With heart disturbed and forehead hot,
Forth Ulric went, alone, and sought
The garden's grateful shade;
A spot with massive walls surrounded,
And from the outward city bounded,
Where thicket wild and tangled wood,
All silence and all solitude,
A Paradise had made;
As calm, as if the verdant sod
By human feet had ne'er been trod;
As silent, as its ground might be
Some lonely island in the sea.
So well did art the charm express
Of nature and her loveliness;
And there the head with thinking tired,

And there the heart with passion fired,
Found strange relief to rest,
Or soft delight alone to rove
Through sylvan glade, and shadowy grove,
That knew its better springs to move,
And charm to peace, and touch with love
The hot and angry breast.

"What! Mahmoud! What! Come! Sirrah! Come!"
Unloosed the leash the obedient groom;
His favorite dog, in frolic mood,
With love inspired and gratitude,
Flew to his side with bounding feet,
Frantic his glad caress to meet.
Not his the wily courtier's grace;
His buoyant joy—his rough embrace,
The master's costly dress deface.

Small heed gives he, but leans to feel
The soothing sweetness through him steal,
Which, who on earth hath never proved,
In loving, when in turn beloved?

Aye, though the dear conviction rise
E'en from the poor dog's gentle eyes!

"Come, Mahmoud, come! Old honest boy!
Thine is no false or fickle joy;
Thy virtues all that men possess—
Not theirs thy pure unselfishness.
In thee, thy love were all as sweet,
Couched at the shepherd's humble feet,
Sharing the peasant's frugal bread,
Or by the sightless beggar led.
Thy heart, alone affectionate,
E'en in the palace of the great,
Ne'er beats with envy or with hate.
Good, good old Mahmoud! Well I may
Conjecture all thy tongue would say,
Couldst thou but answer. Well I know,
Should strike me e'er contempt and woe,
Of every servant—aye, and friend,
That on my pride and fortune tend,
Not one would share, with love like thine,
All fate, no matter what, if mine.

For where, beneath the bending sky,
Found ever man fidelity?
Content through life all pangs to brave,
And starve at last upon the grave,
More deeply felt, more clear expressed,
Than warms the dog's devoted breast."

He said, when, sudden, Steinfort stood
Close at his side, in angry mood;
Though none might tell or whence or why
That brow of cloud—that flashing eye.
The dog, in gambols circling round,
Leaped to his hand with sportive bound.
"St. Johann curse the mongrel hound!
What, is he mad?" and, with the word,
Swept through the air his glittering sword—
A growl of wrath—a yell of pain—
Poor Mahmoud ne'er will leap again!

And swifter gleamed the fury now
Through Ulric's breast and o'er his brow,
Than e'er from Heaven the lightning broke,

And struck to flame the quivering oak.
"Steinfort, enough! I bear it not!
We try our quarrel on the spot.
Thou art a villain!"
"To such word,"
Said Steinfort, "answer thou, my sword!
And, by St. Matthew! ere I dine,
The dog's base blood shall mix with thine."

They fought, but soon the faithless brand
Shivered in Steinfort's furious hand.
A moment more, and his life blood
Had drenched the verdure where he stood,
When Ulric paused, a voice to hear—
As music sweet, as morning clear,
That fell from Heaven upon his ear:

"Ulric, forbear! Thy wrath restrain!
Put up thy sword without a stain!
Thy master speaks. His will obey!
Evil, the wicked man shall slay!
I bid thee, in the name of Heaven!
Forgive! as thou wouldst be forgiven!"

He listened, and a holy charm
Composed his breast, and staid his arm.
"I do forgive!" he calmly said,
And patient sheathed his spotless blade.
"Steinfort, I leave thee to thy thought;
Our quarrel, though I sought it not—
Thy hate—thy blindness, I deplore;
Go, live, and tempt my soul no more!
Poor Mahmoud!"—and he dashed a tear—
"Thou wast my friend—my comrade dear!
And kind were Heaven, if to my vow,
It grant another true as thou!"

He went—a statue Steinfort there,
Stood fixed in fury and despair;
And near him lingered in the shade,
With beating heart, a trembling maid;
Loulou, whose mother long had swayed,
With skill and talent manifold,
The costly palace's household.
She all had heard—and all had seen—
Half hidden in the thicket green.

CANTO III.

And now with morning's dewy light,
Earth, air, and heaven again are bright,
And nature, waking from the night,
In freshest beauty glows.
Ulric went forth his stroll to take,
To mark the silent morning break,
The garden's sweetness to inhale,
Where mingled, on the balmy gale,
The lilac and the rose.
But not he went to taste alone
The fragrance of the opening dawn,
Or mark the dew-drops on the lawn,
The lilac's luscious scent.
Less pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
Disturb his peace, and chase his joy.

Of Steinfort, ere he left his room,
With saucy air, the flippant groom,
Brought message insolent:
"Thy uncle, from the hunt to-day,
Bids thee, at home, my lord, to stay,"
And smiling, then did turn away.
Already now their horses' feet,
In the far distance faint retreat.

"Strange message! and with meaning fraught—
To something points; I know not what.
But, with my uncle, by the rood!
Steinfort's hunt bodes me little good.
Well! let him hunt, and let him plot!
I trust in Heaven, and heed him not."

And, musing thus, he hears the sound
Of a light footstep on the ground.
And Loulou stood—the gentle maid,
With beating heart, and half afraid—
An artless girl and sweet.
Too artless and too sweet, also,

For her own peace, as she may know,
Ere long, and now she sought to throw
Herself at Ulric's feet.

"Oh, my good lord!—this lonely spot—
Heaven grants the interview I sought!"
"Well, pretty Loulou, well!"
"A dreadful tale—I overheard
Last night—this morning—in a word,
I scarce know how to tell!"

Count Ulric, with caressing hand,
Smoothed her soft hair, and bade her stand,
Compose her pale disorder, and
Say all as it befell.
And thought that in his life he ne'er
Had seen so graceful maid and fair.

"A tale of horror, dark to hear,
Pours Steinfort in thy uncle's ear;
Thy spotless name he blights by stealth,
Incensed that of his future wealth

Thou hast an equal part.
Against thee, witnesses hath brought,
And now a fearful change hath wrought
Within thy uncle's heart,
Who thinks that, yesterday, in strife,
Thou basely sought Count Steinfort's life;
And, quickly conquered, owest thy own
To Steinfort's pitying hand alone!
And so the groom, by gold won o'er,
Brought to thy uncle's presence, swore.
'And if,' cried Steinfort, 'thus for me,
Lies wait his foul duplicity;
If thus he stake his life for mine,
Dear uncle, who can answer thine?
Who can his dark design control?
For thee, death lurks in every bowl!'

"Tongue cannot tell how each false word
Thy uncle's jealous bosom stirred;
His cheeks first pale, then red appear—
With fury now, and now with fear.
At length he vowed, this night, to tear

The testament where thou art heir;
Thus far I heard—nor longer stayed,
But spoke—though but an humble maid.
Aloud I spoke, and boldly said:
'The fight had Steinfort's self begun,
By Mahmoud's death—by thee 'twas won,
Who ne'er didst seek his treacherous life,
But gave it, victor, in the strife.
With my own eyes I saw the deed,
And false was all the Count had said.'
Again, oh! may I never see
That dreadful look he cast on me.
And ere another hour had passed,
A message came—I was outcast!
I and my mother, from the door
Were thrust, and bid return no more.
For thee, to-day, they hunt—this night
The scribe another will must write.
To-morrow thou, alas, wilt be
Sent forth in shame and penury—
Thy uncle's face no more to see;
Thy only trust in pitying Heaven—

Thy fortune all to Steinfort given.
Farewell! farewell! my tale is told;
Nay, good my lord—I seek not gold."

"What seek'st thou then? What can I do,
To pay thy friendship, sweet Loulou?"

"I ask, my lord, no other pay—
I saw—I heard thee yesterday—
The words to Mahmoud thou didst say!
That every servant—every friend—
Did only to thy fortune bend—"

"But tell me, Loulou, tell me why,
To me, this ardent sympathy?
Thy ruin stares thee in the face—
Why, in thy thought, finds mine such place?

"Oh first, my lord, because the right
Is on thy side, all proof despite.
And then because, Count Steinfort here,
Inspires distrust and chilling fear.
And then because—because—that thou"—

She paused—when o'er her cheek and brow,
He marked the soft suffusion flow,
Her downcast eyes her quickening breath—
Her blush, now faded pale as death—
Her modest kerchief's heaving fold
The farther secret amply told.

And well, in sooth, did Ulric need
The voice, before, his virtue's meed.
And what that voice did clearly say,
Well did he hear, and well obey.

"Ulric, behold a simple maid,
By guileless heart to love betrayed,
Whose artless nature turns to thee,—
Sole master of her destiny!
Oh, haste thee to the dewy rose,
That in the earliest morning blows,
And soil its leaves, and rudely tear,
And cast its fragments on the air.
Go to the cool, transparent tide,
That bubbles from the mountain side,

Where pilgrims drink, and there by night
Pour poison in its waves of light:
On grassy mead, where children play,
In life's delightful holiday,
Go loosen, ere the morn awake,
Mid clustering flowers, the deadly snake;
Or where, behind the dungeon's grate,
The pallid prisoner meets his fate,
Despairing pines or starving dies—
Go, goad and mock his miseries.
Do these—aye more, and hopeful live;
Man may forget, or God forgive!
But if thou dare the first instil
Into pure heart, the thought of ill,
Scorning God's clear, tremendous will,
And, from her flight to heaven's throne,
Draw one young struggling angel down—
Light may'st thou laugh, and careless live-
Thou hast stern reckoning yet to give,
When, quenched, at last, thy tainted breat
Thou stand'st alone with God and Death."

Through Ulric's heart flew every word.
He knew not if he thought or heard.

"Loulou! I thank thee! fancy not
Thy generous bearing e'er forgot.
From Steinfort, heaven my fate will shield;
And not so light we soldiers yield.
Or if, by wicked arts undone,
I wander, outcast and alone,
Think not my hope and courage gone.
I reck—not I—the lowering blow—
My way to carve I well shall know.
But thou, young girl, whose generous love
By thy own ruin thou dost prove,
Thy strongest purpose well must be,
Thy native vale again to see.
Where, by thy grandsire's hamlet side,
Flows peaceful on the Oder's tide.
Back thou shalt go, with prayer of mine,
May ever flow as gently thine!
Thy feeble grandsire's trembling age
No more must lose so sweet a page.

Go! Loulou go! I love, in thee,
Thy innocence, thy purity.
A halo bright, by angels given.
Keep it—it lights thy steps to heaven.
If e'er thy simple wants require—
I am thy brother—or thy sire.
And here my purse—with doubly o'er
All that thy need requires and more.
Nay, not a word—thou will not choose
My last and earnest wish refuse.
Thy mother may its contents use.
Sweet girl! farewell! and if, again,
Poor Mahmoud heard my musing strain,
I would not tell that every friend
Did only to my fortune bend.
Such error should be frank confest.
Fidelity and truth, 'twere best
To seek in Loulou's artless breast."

She went, nor raised her timid eye.
One moment Ulric's heart beat high,
And heaved the soft, reluctant sigh.

But then, from every weakness free,
Regained all virtue's liberty.

"And thus the eagle, when he flies,
Where meadows spread and forests rise,
Beholds the hunter aim below,
And in his bosom dreads the blow;
But turning, in triumphant flight,
Ascends once more his realm of light;
On balanced wing floats, calm and even,
Unruffled in the azure heaven."

These words of spiritual pride,
Through Ulric's mind did subtly glide,
Breathed by the shadow at his side,
Who smiled to marked his pow'r defied,
And thus with ominous hate, inaudible, replied:

"Aye! aye! the eagle, when he flies,
Where meadows spread and forests rise,
Beholds the hunter aim below,
And proudly soars above the blow;

Ascends, ha! ha! with loftier flight,
His boasted realms of azure light;
And floats, on balanced wing and even
Earth scorning in the heights of heaven.
But, at the last, his wing shall tire,
Relax his nerve—and cool his fire.
And seek repose, his wearied breast,
On earth-bound cliff where hangs his nest.
The deadly hunter, following there,
Tracks him through all the fields of air;
No food shall taste—or slumber know,
Till at his feet th' aspiring foe
Lies humbled in the dust, and low.
Chains those heav'n-cleaving pinions bind.
With tangled plume, in cage confined,
He sits—the gaze—the laughter of mankind!"

CANTO IV.

THE day sped on and sadly sped,
O'er thoughtful Ulric's lonely head,
And eve her dewy shadows spread,
When from the gay and busy town
He wandered pensive and alone.
Dark thoughts allured—thoughts dark and new;
In vain—in vain he backward drew,
Still through his heated mind they flew.
Steinfort and his mysterious hate,
His uncle—Loulou—his own fate,
Down from his height of fortune hurled,
The gossip of the heartless world.
And, yesterday, for one short hour,
His hand had grasped wealth, splendor, power:
To-day, thrust forth,—a blackened name—

With insult, poverty, and shame.
Onward his musing way he wends,
Along the river's graceful bends,
Along a narrow winding road,
Deep in the forest solitude,
Where, through the massive foliage, broke
A grove of tall and stately oak,
Through whose black shades could scarcely stray,
Or sunny beam, or moon's soft ray.

"By Heaven!" he said, "I was a fool!
I should base Steinfort's worthless soul,
On yestermorn, with one sharp blow,
Have hurried to the shades below!
And, for my uncle, why should I
Mourn him, whene'er he choose to die!
He doth not waste on me one sigh.
His plan with Steinfort he will hold.
I know his nature, proud and bold,
Decided once, his purpose stern,
No human power can ever turn.
Perchance, while idle here I stand,

He tears the will with reckless hand.
I know not, faith, why I should rue,
Had yesterday the news been true!"

Oh, where did Ulric's noble mind
Such base, unwonted fancies find?
His bosom heaved—his cheek grew hot:
Faint reason called—he heeded not.
On, on he trod with haughtier stride.
Ambition, envy, hatred, pride,
Inflame his veins—his bosom swell.
Who deemed that there such monsters dwell?
And in that hour, oh! who can tell,
Before him spread what dangerous sight;
And rose what visions, startling bright,
Love, splendor, glory, power, delight.
As once upon the mountain height!

Thus sunk in thought, by chance he raised
His flashing eyes and upward gazed;
And paused, rebuked, awe-struck, amazed,
As glittering, vast and high,

Unutterable and sublime,
Untouched by change—unworn by time,
World beyond world in myriad bright,
Evolving circles infinite,
He saw the wondrous sky.

"Thou, God!" he said, "dost walk that plain,
And o'er those fields eternal reign,
Each wheeling sphere control;
Mark each far orb, each sparkling sun,
His radiant race, each comet run,
Each system round thee roll."

Far soaring thus his dazzled gaze,
Through boundless heaven's eternal blaze,
While revelations o'er his soul,
Of holiest truth, like morning stole,
A voice he heard, or seemed to hear,
Beyond the farthest starry sphere,
Beyond where fancy ever trod—
"*Tremble thou earth—for I am God.*"
He listened—all his sin he felt,
And prayed that God to guard from guilt.

"In Christ's name! my petition hear;
From earth—from sin my conscience clear!
Let not my steps from virtue stray!
Hold up my goings in thy way!
And where I tread be holy ground!
And may thy angels hover round!
My failing feet, if left alone,
I know may dash against a stone;
Guide me! and keep me for thy own!
I bow my forehead in the dust,
Save from hell's craft, and life's destroying lust!"

Did fancy dream? or did he hear,
Upon the silent, starry air,
A distant strain—and rushing wings—
Sounds as of angel-wanderings!
And, from aerial voices fell
The words? or came from founts that dwell
In his own breast? Oh who can tell?

"Keep thy heart, Ulric, in the strife;
From it the issues are of life.

Be strong! let never sin o'ertake thee
I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Scarce ceased the words, when through the trees,
Came mingling voices on the breeze,
And close at hand surprised he sees
His uncle and Count Steinfort ride;
A single groom is at their side;
From their long hunt but just returned,
And yet his foe with vengeance burned.
For Steinfort's scornful lips did say:
"Like a foul reptile, from thy way,
Forth thrust him!" and the uncle cried:

"To-night he's disinherited—
No nephew more of mine!
By this, the will must ready be.
Come on and soon thyself shall see
How gladly I will sign.
Good Steinfort! o'er my silver brow,
I've seen some sixty winters flow,
And, by our Lady! yet,

Did never, in my whole life long,
Insult—no matter what—or wrong,
E'er pardon or forget."

He had not ceased when fiercely sprang
Five lusty ruffians out with clang
Of cursing voice and clashing blade
That gleamed above each startled head,
And glittered through the night.
"Your money or your life, my men;"
And every word a blow, and then
All furious broke the fight.
Crushed soon by odds might well astound,
The groom lay bleeding on the ground,
And the bloodthirsty miscreants drew
In narrower circle round the two.
'Twas fearful odds—'twas deadly strife;
'Twas blow for blow, and life for life—
When, for one moment petrified,
As if by magic, at his side,
To see such sudden vision rise,
With devilish hopes to lure his eyes;

And, had he but one moment more
Refrained—the will—the wealth were sure—
Ulric, off! off! in horror, threw
The thought, that back his falchion drew,
The black, the execrable thought,
By what infernal demon taught!
Again—again—before him brought—
Leaped forward, and with earnest blow,
Cleft through the head his uncle's foe,
And then laid bleeding Steinfort's low;
Both, if abandoned to their fate,
Had passed, that night, death's bloody gate.
The three survivors, mad with rage,
At once their single foe engage;
But fought in vain, for met they here
No feeble, white-haired cavalier,
And shrunk before far other brand,
Than waved in Steinfort's helpless hand.
Like lightning struck, with fearful ire,
And many a spark of heavy fire,
Struck sharp and deadly, Ulric's blade;
And many a ghastly gash it made,

As cool as if it idly played
At fencing bout in noonday glade.
Such hand must conquer, had been there
Full twice as many as there were;
And that they found full soon, for flight
Sought never, in more desperate plight,
The frightened deer, pursued by hounds,
Their booty, only dripping wounds—
While three upon the trampled field,
With curses deep, their life-blood yield.

CANTO V.

Count Rosenberg that evening sat,
With all a judge's solemn state,
In stern vindictive mood.
A skilful leach the trifling wound,
In Ulric's bosom careful bound.
The whispering servants crowded round;—
With thoughtful eyes that sought the ground,
Dark Steinfort silent stood.
And ever pale that lofty brow,
Its ashy hue was ghastlier now,
And mute the lips, and close compressed
And bent the arms upon the breast—
And while, as a contagious pest,
All shunned his guilty side.
No lofty martyr in the land

In attitude, more calm could stand,
Of innocence and pride.
Count Rosenberg the haughty look
Indignant marked, and sternly spoke:

"Count Steinfort, thou didst hear me say,
While riding hither on the way,
That, in my life, I never yet
A wrong could pardon or forget.
If thou didst doubt—at once be thou
A witness and example now.
Thou'st played a cunning game and bold,
That fits a villain, false and cold.
I ne'er did think on earth to see
Such baseness—least of all in thee!
E'en from suspicion safe, till fate,
This night, thy crimes, so black and great,
Did bid the dying groom relate.
This miserable, guilty fool,
Purchased by thee—a willing tool,
Who his eternal hope hath sold,
For some poor bits of paltry gold.

By lies to blast Count Ulric's fame,
And work his ruin and his shame,
With many a tale, for many a year,
Thy poisoned tongue abused my ear.
With damning charge, with forged proof,
Thou kept'st my heart from his aloof,
And almost drove him from my roof.
And, but for this heaven-ordered fray,
Ulric had been, by thee, to-day,
Thrust rudely forth, outcast, to rove,
And from my fortune and my love.
And this, I learn, he well did know—
Our honest Loulou told him so.
The will still good, and yet, this night,
In danger and in death's despite,
Whose generous hand hath struck to save
Both of us from a certain grave?
This is the man no laws control,
Who watched with dagger and with bowl;
And this the wretch, with dark design,
Who sought thy life, as well as mine.
Liar and slanderer! black as night!

Begone! pollute no more my sight.
I cut thee off—away! begone!
The ruin thou for him hast sown,
To burst this night—be now thy own!
Here lies, unaltered yet, the will,
Which, with mute words, doth witness still
My equal love—its page I tear—
And Ulric be my only heir."

Then Ulric forward stepped, and said,
While on his uncle's arm he laid
His bloody hand, "Dear uncle, I
Was never Steinfort's enemy.
That he is mine, I know not why;
But, friend or foe—his arts o'erthrown,
I crave for me a single boon."

"A boon? to thee?—That all may know
What confidence and love I owe,
Thy favor name; and whatsoe'er,
To grant it on the spot, I swear!
Although it half my fortune were."

"Then, uncle, be the past forgot!
Revenge is Heaven's, pursue it not!
The will names Steinfort my co-heir,
Gives of thy wealth an equal share;
Still leave his name unaltered there.
And, for my sake, refrain to tear!
Thy rule, for once, to banish strive,
And, this time, pardon and forgive!
Still 'neath thy roof let Steinfort live;
To shame his wrath, my gentle word
Will answer better than a sword."

Stamped Steinfort now, with boundless ire,
And flashed his eyes unnatural fire.
"Demon! this is too much!" he said,
And thrust a pistol to his head.
The flaming peal astounds the hall,
Scarce Ulric 'scaped the whistling ball,
Deep buried in a golden wall.
Loud Steinfort laughed, in savage mood,
And on his lip the foam-flake stood.
"Upon your knees!" he cried, "for I

Am Emperor of Germany!
And fifty thousand fathoms down,
Vile Ulric hides my golden crown."
Now blended cries of rage augment
The horror and astonishment;
And to the dungeon some would bear,
And some would slay him standing there—
When spoke the doctor, calm and sad:
"Back! silence! back! the Count is mad!
And, ere the morning streak the sky,
Without your dagger's points, must die."

Within the room where Steinfort lay,
And mingling with the flame
Of the pale lamp's expiring ray,
The soft beams of the breaking day
In silent lustre came.
And Ulric stood and gazed upon
His dying foe—with him alone;
For so the wretched Steinfort chose
No other hand his eyes should close,
And but one holy friar there

His crimes to count, and aid his prayer.
Now came at last, with death's deep fears,
His reason, lost so many years;
And now the kneeling father hears
The trembling infidel,
All shuddering, tell his wicked life,
How weak he yielded in the strife
With envy, hatred, malice, pride—
How oft he heard sweet voices chide,
But scornful turned from God aside,
And chose the devil for his guide,
Who led to burning Hell,
The only prize that e'er can win
The blind of heart, by deadly sin.
Not half the story yet is done,
When lo! death's damp his brow upon.

"Kneel, Ulric, kneel," he said, "and e'er
My spirit parted be,
My blessing take—forgive—with prayer—
Oh! ask God's grace for me!"
"True as I hope to be forgiven,"

Said Ulric, "I forgive,
And on my knees implore of Heaven
That both of us may live,
By Christ's redeeming blood to be
Washed from earth's loathsome leprosy."

"I thank—save—God—" * *

His hands to raise
He strove, but left the broken phrase—
The voiceless marble lips forbore—
Their task is done—they pray no more.

"And thus," said Ulric, "they that plow
Iniquity, and darkness sow,
Do reap the same they cast abroad,
And perish by the blast of God!"

"My son," the white-haired sage replied,
"He who for man's salvation died,
On us to judge doth never call,
Lest, tempted, we ourselves may fall.

Low in the dust, thy prayer must be
For meekness, faith, and charity.
Judge never! and, oh! cast aside
The haughty look, the heart of pride.
To us it is not given to know
The source whence Steinfort's sorrows flow—
If damning guilt, or piteous woe.
If his self-willed and wandering feet,
In mocking God, did madness meet—
The withering bolt in anger sent,
To strike with endless punishment;
Or whether, as I humbly pray,
A body sick—a mind astray,
Did lead from God his feet away;
Who sent affliction's fiery wave,
Not more to punish than to save.
In mercy let his ashes rest:
Look thou, my son, to thy own breast."

CANTO VI.

It was the hour of midnight deep :
Ulric lay stretched in balmy sleep,
When, lo ! a shape obscene,
With stealthy pace and envious leer,
Did sudden at his side appear,
And o'er his bosom lean.

" So ho ! while yet thou may'st, Pure one !
In virtue's pleasing dream, sleep on !
Thou 'scap'st not thus ; Hell's every snare
Let all thy angels, if they dare,
Pretend to save thee. Effort vain !
I mark thy foul heart's fatal stain !
Sleep on ! sleep on ! we meet again."

Thus the remorseless tempter breathed
His threatening words, in vapor wreathed,
Which, with voluptuous influence fraught,
Of erring hope and poisoned thought,
In loveliest forms of earth arrayed,
Around th' unconscious sleeper played ;
Down sinking slowly, half inclose
The cheek, where modest virtue glows,
And then, in beauteous visions, roll
Across his mind, and through his soul.
And straightway Ulric seems to roam,
With a sweet one—he knows not whom—
O'er many a meadow, bright and broad,
Through many a deep and solemn wood.

Thus far—when started from the bed,
With terror struck, the fiend, and fled,
Ashamed, unable, and afraid
An angel's glance to meet.
So the hyena foul at night,
That seeks, with monstrous appetite,
Of some new grave the inmate bright,

With fear and conscious guilt takes flight,
Disturbed by human feet.

And as he vanished, wrapped in gloom,
A tender radiance filled the room,
So once our Saviour's empty tomb,
And Ulric's poisoned slumber broke;
Who with convulsive start awoke,
As one who falls into the sea
From some high mountain suddenly!
And a clear voice, all low and still,
Flowed through his veins with secret thrill.

"Ulric! well done! thou hast, by faith's pure light,
Escaped perdition. As thy lips did pray,
Around thee gathered hosts of angels bright,
Ready to guide thee to eternal day.
For, know, the *Evil One* doth haunt thy way,
And, for thee, weaves another, deadlier snare.
Watch thy weak heart! it leads thy steps astray,
Nor cling to earthly thing, how sweet so e'er!
Oh, Ulric! tremble! watch! beware! beware!"

CANTO VII.

THE castle windows stream with light,
And far around the music falls
Out upon the shadowy night,
Echoing from the golden halls,
And floating o'er the silver tide,
Where, gentle Spree! thy waters glide.
And scarcely, since, thy waves have seen,
Within the walls, a brighter train,
When pleasure wakes, and hope is high,
And reigns the royal revelry.
And sight it was for sovereign meet,
Where, in the dance, those airy feet
Lightly flew, as Zephyr sweet.

If, for a moment, tired, perchance,

E'en youth and beauty, of the dance,
Or age, or sadness, found the ball
Too hot, too dazzling, lo! a hall
Enchanted rose, a forest shade,
With mossy bank and shadowy glade;
From the wet rock a fountain play'd,
With dewy sparkles washed the ground,
And breathed a cooling air around;
And, through the heavy foliage, shone
The mimic moonlight softly down,
And Indian plants and palm-trees stood,
As in some Asian solitude,
Where Ganges' sacred waters flowed.

Loit'ring to this fairy grove,
Count Rudolph and his young wife rove.
Loving and fair was Emiline—
So leans upon the oak, the vine.
And where the ball-room splendor blazed,
Old Rosenberg, attentive, gazed
At Ulric, who, admiring, led
Along the dance a beauteous maid.

"We mark thy nephew, Count, and sooth!
Not I have seen a nobler youth.
But faith! 'tis time he yield to fate,
And put on Hymen's sober state."

"True! true!" Count Rosenberg replied,
"Oft his unwilling heart I chide!"

"And that young maiden at his side!
The pretty Countess Ravenstein—
With lips as sweet as muscadine,
And cheeks as bright, and eyes as blue,
As lover's heart did e'er undo,
Or pierced a soldier's corslet through.
A richer heiress none can see,
Or lovelier, in all Germany.
And, by our Lady! were not I
Too fast, ha! ha! my chance to try,
Despite the snow that many a year,
Confound the thing! has sprinkled here,
Myself, ha! ha! would break a lance,
To lead such maiden down life's dance."

Mused Rosenberg: "Thy words are just;
Marry he ought, and marry must.
He shall be wived without delay,
Ere slip another year away.
Nor fear I, surely, blood of mine
To mix with that of Ravenstein.
But, reap we not before we sow?
Love, Ulric's breast did never know!
More than such clouds as lightly rise,
And pass as light in summer skies.
'Tis strange a heart so warm and free"—
"Tush!" Hubert laughed—"leave that to me!"

"'Tis well!" the aged uncle said;
"I am resolved—the boy shall wed!
The last descendant of a line
I would not gladly see decline!"

"But," added gentle Emiline,
"We must not let the victim know
What net around his feet we throw!"

Said Hubert, "At our old chateau,
A month or two, upon the Rhine,
We'll have the pretty Ravenstein.
And kneel he shall at beauty's shrine.
Leave me to tame his savage mood;
Send him to us, and, by the rood!
The youthful fox! the wary trout!
We'll find a way to tire him out!
And strong the game, and swift of pace,
That 'scapes me in the merry chase!"

CANTO VIII.

Oh come, gentle pilgrim,
From far distant strand,
Come, gaze on the pride
Of the old German land.
On that wonder of nature,
That vision divine
Of the past and the present,
The exquisite Rhine.
As soft as a smile,
And as sweet as a song,
Its famous old billows
Roll murm'ring along.
From its source on the mount,
Whence it flies in the sea,
It flashes with beauty

As bright as can be.
With the azure of heaven,
Its first waters flow,
And it leaps like an arrow
Escaped from a bow;
While reflecting the glories
Its hill-sides that crown,
It then sweeps in grandeur
By castle and town.
And when, from the red
Gleaming tow'rs of Mayence,
Enchanted thou'rt borne
In bewildering trance,
By death-breathing ruin,
By life-giving wine—
By thy dark-frowning turrets,
Old Ehrenbreitstein!
To where the half magic
Cathedral looks down
On the crowds at its base,
Of the ancient Cologne,
While in rapture thy dazzled

And wondering eyes
Scarce follow the pictures,
As bright, as they rise,
As the dreams of thy youth,
Which thou vainly wouldst stay,
But they float, from thy longings,
Like shadows away.
Thou wilt find on the banks
Of the wonderful stream,
Full many a spot
That an Eden doth seem.
And thy bosom will ache
With a secret despair,
That thou canst not inhabit
A landscape so fair,
And feign thou wouldst linger
Eternity there.

At the loveliest bend of the lovely river,
See it once, forget it never,
Swells the hill o'er a valley sweet,
Where Rudolph's castle had its seat.

Fair it was—a vision bright,
Buried in foliage—bathed in light—
A velvet lawn more green,
And spotless, soft and tender, ne'er,
Shining in the summer air,
From a river's brink did lean.
Look for it not, O traveller!
Only a heap of stones is there.
Nothing more to-day is seen,
Than waving wood and meadow green.
And the loftier mountain forms that rise,
Leaning their breasts on the azure skies,
Reaching up with their wooded ground,
And closing the peaceful vale around,
As if to shut out noise and care,
From those forest shades, from that fragrant air.
Nothing else remaineth there.

It was a day in gorgeous June,
In the deepest hush of afternoon,
When Ulric, by a horseman's way,
Across a lofty height that lay,

The summit reached, whose brow looked o'er
Rock and castle, vale and shore.
Entranced, he drew his courser's rein,
And paused—as he would thus remain
For ever!—thus remain to gaze
In soft delight and sweet amaze.

Tow'ring up in feudal state,
Upon a lower summit sat
The castle proud of Rudolstadt.
Between, the valley, bending low,
Reached to kiss the river's flow,
Then backward wound where gorges deep
Through sloping fields and forest sweep.
And devious walks meandered through
Black wood and stately avenue,
Climbed graceful up the steep ascent,
Or down the broken valley went,
Winding in, and bending round,
Over the enchanted ground,
Through blissful shades the fancy led,
Where angels' feet might deign to tread.

Upon the landscape, bright and warm,
Lay the sunset's radiant charm.
Ringing through the vale was heard
The warbling of night's wond'rous bird;
While field and flow'r, refreshed with dew,
That from the cooling river blew,
Their balmy fragrance upward threw.

Checked sudden in his swift career,
With bending neck, and pointed ear,
The coal-black Sultan, silent, stood,
Down gazing broad o'er vale and flood.

Scene of beauty!—Hour of rest!—
Wherefore trembled Ulric's breast?
Wherefore stirred the secret sigh?
Whence the voice that floated by?
"Earth is no abiding place.
All its sweetness—all its grace!
Trust them not! they are a snare!
Thou knowest! thou knowest! beware! beware!"

While thus he sat, a company
Of noble knight and dame,
Their mirthful voices ringing high,
With sportive jest and revelry,
Out from the forest came.
And straightway all with greetings loud
Around the musing Ulric crowd.
Hubert and Lady Emiline,
And with her, Marie Ravenstein,
And a throng of others, brave and fair,
With one accord their joy declare,
And in the mingling throng foremost,
Loud out-spoke the noisy host,
A welcome for his friend;
While his lady nearer drew,
And gave her graceful greeting too,
In which, her smile appearing through,
A slight reproach did blend.

"We looked not for so long delay,
But waited thee this many a day.
My little Fritz and I,

Last evening, thought we saw thee ride
Up from the plain." The boy replied:
"And watched thee, by yon fountain's side,
Until my hair with dew was wet,
And the last tint of the sunset
Had faded from the sky."

"What!" Ulric asked, "and can it be
In this tall boy, thy son I see!
The tiny, rosy babe, whose play
Amused me so but yesterday?"

"Aye," Hubert said, "and stouter knight,
Of the same years, ne'er put to flight
Dragon and giant from the field,
Or mighty armies taught to yield!
A handsome stripling, is not he?
And, by the way, they say like me!"

"Like thee!" He paused, and seemed to trace
More of the mother in his face—
"The falling lash—the deepening cheek—

The eye—the smile—and when they speak—"
But Hubert listened not, for he
Addressed him to the fair Marie,
And whispered till the laughing maid
Blushed deep and turned away her head.
While Ulric, at her beauty's glow,
To Emiline did murmur low:
"In faith! we soldiers, 'scape the war,
Only at home to yield
To other dangers, deadlier far,
Than e'er our mailed bosoms scar,
Upon the hottest field!"

Laughed Emiline with silvery voice:
"Right well we cruel dames rejoice,
To mark the soft mischance!
And love to stand unpitying by,
And see you boasting warriors die,
By Beauty's conquering glance."

While thus they spoke, the sable steed,
Which Ulric rode, the rest admire,

His limbs, for vigor formed and speed,
His massive strength, his warlike fire.
With arched neck and rolling eye,
His head superb, now lifted high,
With sudden toss he frequent cast,
Light hanging on the glossy chest,
The foam-flake, white as snow.
While startled, now, he backward trod,
His stamp unpatient broke the sod,
Then paused, intelligent, to gaze,
With ears erect and pleased amaze,
Upon the vale below.

And Emiline unheeding laid
Her hand upon the doubtful steed,
His bending neck her fingers press,
And soothe his fear with soft caress,
And something of love's tenderness—
Who, with distended nostril, first,
Back started, quick, with shy distrust,
Then gentler turned, in mild surprise,
On her his large and shining eyes,

And bent his head and stood at rest,
And calmer feelings filled his breast,
As if full well, to judge, he knew,
Between such lady fair, and foe.

"Ho Sultan! stand!"
The iron hand
Of Ulric sought in vain,
With terror filled,
And plunging wild,
His sudden flight to rein.
All furious pressed
The fiery beast,
Through shrieks of wild alarm;
One more step on
Had trampled down
The lady's tender form.
Sole way there gave
Her life to save—
A daring, swift retreat;
He did not shrink,
But to the brink,

Back forced his courser's feet.
And shrieked more loud
Th' affrighted crowd,
As horse and rider, prone
The deep chasm o'er,
One moment more
Had backward gone and down.
But Ulric had a quiet eye,
And saw a heavy sand-bank lie,
And skilful knew his fall to guide
To its less steep and yielding side.
And hearty laughter, peal on peal,
The boisterous Hubert's joy reveal;
And clasped hands from knight and dame,
When, backward clambering, Ulric came,
And led his steed, and nearer drew,
And joined himself the laughter too.

"But, ho!" cried Hubert, with alarm,
"The blood is dripping from thy arm!"
"'Tis nothing," Ulric said—then sank,
And paler grew, upon a bank.

Said Hubert, "Nothing! on my life!
Rip up the sleeve! Look to him, wife!
Quick! Emiline, thy scarf! Dispatch!
Now, by St. Paul! a pretty scratch!"

And silent kneeling on the ground,
She gently cut the sleeve and bound,
With careful hands, the ghastly wound.

CANTO IX.

Said Hubert, "It is sad to see
Such gallant knight o'erthrown,
And sadder still for him to be
Neglected thus and lone.
Forbidden, by the surgeon's care,
The steep to mount—the chase to share.
I have contrived a fashion, wife,
To lead our guest a livelier life.
From our day's sports, essay to find
Good reasons, thou, to stay behind,
For such when wanted woman's mind?
Remain at home—and not to be
Companionless—the fair Marie
Request to keep thee company.
Then choose the scene—and choose the hour,

Which sways young hearts with deepest power.
And lead, ha! ha! the simple pair,
Where coolest breathes the balmiest air,
With song of birds where forests ring,
And limpid streams run murmuring—
Where fountains fall and branches wave,
And women sigh, and poets rave,
And, by my life! ere heal this wound,
We'll show another more profound.

And thus, while, at the dawn, abroad,
Through fragrant vale, by dewy road,
Swept on the distant hunting train,
Or roved the rest o'er hill and plain,
Ulric, a pensive prisoner, strayed
Within the park's voluptuous shade;
And with such guards as greet the sight,
Not often, of the captive knight.
Nor many days of pleasure haste,
Ere all the pain and danger past.
But still his fair companions chide,
Nor trust the wanderer from their side,

But ramble with him, far and wide.
Now on the green hill's graceful swell,
Now through the laughing, tangled dell,
Then in the tall oak-grove they rest,
That waves above the river's breast,
Peaceful as mansions of the blest,
Where noonday breezes gently blow,
And the plain sparkles far below.
There oft they took
Some chosen book,
To while the hours away;
Ballad or tale,
Or pastorale,
Or tender roundelay.
Of reading on,
With mellow tone,
Did Ulric never tire,
Till in the West,
The sun did rest
His mighty orb of fire.
And smiled each mountain's glowing height,
The earth all peace, the heaven all light.

And not in Eden's earliest bow'rs,
More lovely fell night's rapturous hours,
Than in the Rhineland's witching clime,
When glows the northern summer's prime,
That is nature's sweetest time.
Scarcely the sun doth ever set,
But lingers in the heaven yet,
Playing his colors warm and bright,
One delicious, soft twilight,
In the radiant sky all night,
Till evening's splendor melts away
In the silvery break of another day.
Mingling, perchance, her charming ray
Lifts, slow and silent, o'er the scene,
Her broad, calm disk, night's lovely queen,—
And then would Ulric stand to trace
The beauty of her pensive face;
And read the wonders, half unfurled
To fancy, in that outspread world—
"Do cities dot its shining side?
Do armies meet—do navies ride?
The navigator, doth he stray

On some remote and unknown way?
Do nations seek, with patient toil,
The riches of that distant soil,
And wave, upon its sunny plain,
The scented hay, and bending grain?
Do oceans wash, with stormy roar,
Huge rock-bound coasts and islands o'er—
Europe and Asia vast, and Afric's burning shore?
Or rolls an awful desert on—
Airless and waveless—hushed and lone—
No foot its arid wastes to tread—
No murmuring stream—no grateful shade?"

So flowed the time, with wondrous fleetness,
Unshadowed light, unbroken sweetness.
Ulric asked not how or why,
So fleet, so sweet it floated by;
And Emiline, with guileless art,
Graceful played her matron's part.
And when the wound was healed,
Well she marked that Marie's cheek
More than maiden's tongue might speak,

Her artless thought revealed.
But yet—though Ulric, at their side,
Ever lingered near,
Alone, from morn till eventide,
Through wood, o'er mount, their steps to guide,
Yet—yet—no tale did he confide
Of love—to Marie's ear.

CANTO X.

Weeks floated by, when Hubert said
"The arrow to its mark hath sped.
I need not ask, good Emiline,
How thrive these cooing doves of thine;
For well I see, a stronger net
Ne'er caught two tender lovers yet."
Said Emiline, "They are not caught.
Friends they may be—but, lovers—not."
"Not lovers?" "No, at least, not he."
"No lover?" "No, and ne'er will be."
Dark Hubert frowned—"No lover! How!
What foolish thought hath crossed thee now?
If he's no lover, whence the change
Hath o'er him come, so marked and strange?
Why doth he all companions shun,

And wander thoughtful and alone,
All ease and social converse gone?
And how could man unmelted be—
So close—so frequent—with Marie?"

"I know not; 'tis not mine to say
What freaks the little god can play.
But Ulric hath a heart and soul,
Of fancy and of feeling full.
Hath intellect and taste refined—
A poet's eye—a scholar's mind—
A being of a higher kind.
Marie, in truth, hath beauty—grace—
A gentle heart—a pretty face;
But she's not bright, and scarce will prove
Worthy—I fear—of Ulric's love."

"Worthy! ha! ha! How women prate!
Worthy! but look at her estate!
Ulric is not a simple fool;
Reason, not passion, is his rule;
Life, as it is, he knows to take.

Not he a whining swain, to break
His heart, and into follies run,
For some imagined paragon,
Whom, after all, at last he'll find,
The honeymoon once left behind,
Just like the rest of womankind,
By sober daylight seen,
Except the eyes, which pierced him through,
May hazel be, or black, or blue,
Heaven save the mark! or green."

"But husband"— "Nonsense!" Hubert said,
"Thou dost not see—thou art misled.
My life upon't! they're groom and bride,
Have pledged them by thy very side,
And smile in secret, as they mark
How well they keep thee in the dark.
With me they'll find less easy play,
My life upon't! what plans to-day?"

"Upon the Fischerberge, whose height
Presents the lawn so smooth and bright,

Where spreads the oak-grove's shadowy screen,
O'er mossy meadows velvet green,
Our guests to banquet meet;
There, to enjoy the afternoon,
The landscape wide, the setting sun,
The evening's breath, the rising moon,
The breezes cool that ever play
Throughout the hottest summer day,
So delicate and sweet,
And the delicious linden bough
There sheds its thickest odors now."

"'Tis well! 'Tis well! and have a care
The host is honored by the fare;
And amply grace a generous feast
With wine, and of our very best.
For Ulric—let him fairly dine,
When exercise, and air, and wine,
The ardent blood in movement set,
And make the wisest one forget
To check the thought that, half suppressed,
Escapes the careless—guarded breast,

Choose thou a time, and idly rove
With him—alone—to some far grove,
There hold him—as by chance—apart,
And probe the secret of his heart.
From thee he will not hide his thought.
Loves he Marie—or loves he not?"

"But husband, is it proper task,
For me, with artless friendship's mask,
Into his secret heart to pry,
And play the traitor and the spy?"

"Tush! Tush! How often and how long
Will women prate of right and wrong!
Do as thou'rt bid! The fault be mine!
And mark me one thing, Emiline!
Whisper not thou to Ulric's mind,
Of pretty Marie ought unkind.
He values thy opinion there,
And might be swayed—so have a care!"

"I'll do my best, my husband dear,

Thy anxious point to gain;
But yet, I must confess, I fear
There is no great attraction here.
Thou chasest now too fleet a deer!
And all will be in vain!"

CANTO XI.

A MERRY golden day was that,
To more than one at Rudolstadt.
Graceful dame and courtly knight
Wandered through those valleys bright,
While Emiline and Marie led,
Over hill and over mead;
The happy Ulric. Who so blest?
Wherefore sighed his heaving breast?
Why did he pause and answer not,
But listen, lost in silent thought?
Till his companions sportive came
To cheer his gloom—his hand to claim,
Rousing him from his reverie deep,
To cross the bridge, to mount the steep.
What secret cares his mind enthrall?

What shadows o'er his forehead fall?
What voices faint and fainter call?
So sweetly far, so softly clear,
They scarcely reach his doubtful ear,
In half aerial tones that seem
Part of a forgotten dream.
"Listen! Listen!" now the strain
Clearly floats and floats again,
Now with the clouds it seems to sail,
Now dies upon the passing gale.

"When the days of thy life
Have a joy so complete,
Contentment so perfect,
And rapture so sweet.
Then tremble, O mortal!
For oft they are given
By the Dark One of Earth
But to lure thee from heav'n.
In the world of pure spirits
Awaits thee such bliss,
But the rash hand may perish

That grasps it in this.
Oh listen ! oh listen !
Thy mettlesome steed
Neighs high in the stall.
He will bear thee with speed.
Back ! back ! for a danger
Thy foot-path hangs o'er.
Fly ! fly ! or we leave thee,
And warn thee no more.
Oh listen ! oh listen !"—
" Ye voices, away !
Nor darken my bright path
With shadows to-day.
I will taste thee, oh happiness !
Come what, come may."

" Oh, listen !—oh, list—"
But no longer they call ;
Gone—lost—in the dash
Of the far waterfall ;
In the play of the wind
The sweet branches among,

In the hum of the bee,
And the nightingale's song.

'Twere hard to paint the beauteous way
That traced their steps that happy day,
Through earth's divinest scenes it lay.
Now graceful, in the bending boat,
Along the river's breast they float.
Then winding, mount the broken height,
Where bursts upon their dazzled sight
The azure landscape, steeped in light.
And then, with glowing cheek, they trod
O'er many a meadow, bright and broad,
By gloomy gorge and dell,
Where wondrous forms of nature rise,
To touch the soul and charm the eyes,
With breathless awe and sweet surprise,
Too fair for tongue to tell.

And ever, with her guileless art,
Led Emiline the two apart;
And thus alone

Together thrown,
Long careless hours they rove,
And now explore
The wave-worn shore,
And now the sombre grove.
Sometimes they tread
The mossy bed
Of the deep and solemn wood,
Through hushed glades, where
They scarcely dare
Disturb the solitude.
And then, where rolled
The torrent cold,
With furious flashing flow,
And leaped in light,
From its dripping height,
To its rocky bed below,
Still joyous on they go,
The loneliest, loveliest footpaths through.
And oh! such hours of sweetness flew,
O'er earthly wanderer never
A bliss too deep—unknown before.

Content were Ulric, o'er and o'er,
That day, to live for ever.

Was on him cast what secret spell,
To light his eye—his breast to swell!
Each fleeting hour with joy to wing,
To steep in bliss each common thing?
A new enchantment filled the wood,
Inspired each tender solitude;
A heavenly air of softness threw
O'er each bright lawn and gleaming view,
Gave each sweet vale a grace so rare,
Made each rich hill so wondrous fair,
And floated in the very air!

CANTO XII.

At length the banquet. It was spread,
Voluptuous, in the cooling shade;
And well had Emiline obeyed
Her generous lord's behest.
The dullest appetite might wake,
The sharpest, ample pleasure take
At such a noble feast.
And not a rosy angel there
But was content, its charm to share,
A mortal plain to be.
Quick passed the sparkling goblet round.
With mingling mirth the woods resound,
And ne'er those ancient oaks astound
Such bursts of revelry.
And hearty laughter, jest, and song,

The brightly rolling hours prolong.

And now, at last,
Concludes the feast,
And o'er the grassy ground,
By fancy led,
In chance groups stray'd
The idle guests around.
Her lord a secret gesture made
To Emiline, who timid laid
In Ulric's arm her own;
And on they wandered, till they stood
Within a breathless solitude,
Apart, upon the mountain's brow,
O'erlooking all the vale below,
In a thick grove alone.

"Is it not lovely? Didst thou e'er,
Ulric, behold a scene so fair?"

"I think, when, life's dull fetters riv'n,
The freed soul stands at last in heav'n,

'Twill gaze, in wonder and in bliss,
Upon some vision, such as this.
Oh, Emiline! hast never pined
To leave the weary world behind?
To pass, at length, the gates of death—
Sin, doubt, temptation far beneath?"

"So melancholy at our feast?
Such fancies in a soldier's breast?"

"In truth, I scarcely know wherefore
Sadness should sweep my bosom o'er;
But dost thou never, Emiline,
Feel some cold shadow steal o'er thine?'

"No, not in such a scene as this.
My soul is calmed to perfect bliss,
As if by music—"

"Well expressed!
As if by music! so my breast
Has felt enchanting nature's pow'r,

Like music, many a lonely hour.
The vine-clad shore, the hollow dell—
The spotless meadow's tender swell,
The clouds in silver shapes that roll,
Steal like soft anthems o'er the soul;
The massive rocks, the ample ground,
Yield up their deeper tones around;
The broken cliff, the bending plain,
The sweeps of clover and of grain—
Each adds to each its mingling strain.
From each a sweet impression sent,
As from a breathing instrument.
All touch the spirit, as the eyes,
A blending of the earth and skies
In soul-subduing harmonies."

"How oft I feel—how oft I seek,
My feelings, as with thee to speak,
Ulric! It is a joy to find
Communion with another mind.
Through wood and vale alone I range,
And see all beautiful and strange.

At every step behold, unfurled,
Some shadowing of a lovelier world.
The forms of things—what tongue can trace
Of each, th' unutterable grace?
And then the color—hast thou not
Observed how steeped each untrod spot
In some bright hue, or heavenly stain,
That makes one feel description vain?
'Tis exquisite! We cannot pass
A tiny stone or blade of grass,
Rocks, woods, streams, frowning crags that lean,
Dark, o'er the valley's velvet green,
Or mossy banks, or trunks, earth-bound,
Of time-worn trees that hug the ground—
Not toned, as if some painter's power
Had labored on them many an hour.
Spirit of radiance! every where,
It wanders through the very air,
And pours around its treasures rare.
Touches with many a nameless hue
The sunny cloud, the conclave blue,
Melts the rough rocks—makes soft the hills—

All nature with enchantment fills."

"'Tis wonderful, dear Emiline,
In what clear forms of beauty, shine,
Unheeded, earth, and air, and sky,
But by some poet's raptured eye.
The laborer, on his daily way,
Sees not what beams of glory stray
Across his path. The pilgrim's feet
Toil weary on, o'er meadows sweet,
By hill, through vale, at morn, at even,
Yet marks he not what rays from heaven
Fall every where, above, around,
Gild his tired form, inspire the ground,
And teach him, if he will but hear,
'Look up!—faint not, for I am near.'"

"And, Ulric, thou whose bosom feels
So well what nature's hand reveals,
See—canst thou watch that green, below,
Melt to the soft aerial blue,
Till where the river gleams between,

Those lovely mountains close the scene;
Canst thou behold a sight so fair—
An azure dream, half earth, half air—
And yield to sorrow or to care?"

"Yes! for their high and rocky forms
Guard not the vale from passion's storms,
Nor make its paths so seeming sweet,
From sin and shame a safe retreat!"

"Sin! shame! what mean'st thou? Tell me why,
So oft, to-day, I mark thee sigh?
Art thou unhappy? Let me share,
If pains thy heart some secret care!"

With arms upon his bosom crossed,
Still Ulric stood, in silence lost.

"Then listen, Sir! Thy uncle says,
Too long endure thy lonely days;
Now thou must marry. Yes! a wife
Must win thee to a better life."

"I? Marry?"

"Marry. Even thou!
Nay, nay, unbend thy frowning brow;
That young, fair girl—the good Marie,
Is it a secret then to thee?
If, in her soft and guileless breast,
She hither brought a heart at rest,
She ne'er, I've seen it many a day,
Will carry such a one away!"

"I understand thee, Emiline,
And perfect frankness, such as thine,
Frankness begets, deserves it too;
I've heard thy words, impatient, through.
Name not again that subject ever;
I never mean to marry—never.
Mark thou my purpose well!
There is not one thing in the range
Of possibility, so strange,
And so impossible."

"Impossible! men often swear,
Knowing their words all idle air;
Sometimes with changeful fancies, too,
Believe themselves what is not true."

"I trifle not—not now—with thee,
I do not love the fair Marie.
From such a stupid destiny
Good Heaven, my bosom shield!
I seek to spend life's rolling hours,
Not mid soft books and summer bow'rs,
Toying with love's quick fading flow'rs,
But on the battle-field—
There my poor star, unhonored yet,
Shall brightly mount or briefly set—"

"Shall briefly set! what stirs thy brow?
What gloomy thought disturbs thee now?
We should be willing, true, to die,
But not seek death. That Being high,
Who gave our life—He doth require
To Him should bend each deep desire;
A cheerful heart, an humble mood,

Love, patience, faith, and gratitude.
Then need we, in the world's wild strife,
Not shrink from either death or life."

"Thou, Emiline, art happy!"

"Well!
Content in every breast should dwell.
Accept, each one, his different lot,
With humble trust, and murmur not.
But, Ulric, look! his journey done,
How grandly sinks the setting sun—
All nature waits before his throne!
And earth and heaven, adoring, tell
Their sorrow at his last farewell!"

"Yet I have marked, dear Emiline!
That his departing splendors shine,
Most beautiful, not in the west,
Where sinks the fiery god to rest;
Not on the field, or mountain height,
Where latest gleams his rosy light;

Nor on the lake—nor in the sky,
Where clouds, like happy islands, lie,
Tinted with many a heavenly die;
But watch the sunset's fading ray,
In the thick forest's darkened way.
Across its broad, uneven floor,
Already see his radiance pour,
In long and level lines, that glow
With burning splendor, as they flow
The woods hushed haunts and columns through,
Where, 'mid the shadows, shine, revealed,
Secrets, from noon's bright eye concealed."

"Oh," murmured Emiline, "in heav'n,
Could a more lovely hour be giv'n?"

"And mark, o'er every common thing,
What glory nature knows to fling!
This withered leaf—a jewel rare—
Instinct with light, and radiant air;
And, look! in broken spots around,
The lustrous trees, the burning ground,

Gleam, crimson-red, as dome and spire,
In cities roused by midnight fire!"

"And how yon stream, that murmurs by,
Chimes with the cricket's silver cry!
And how the moon, ere falls night's shroud,
Hangs lightly o'er yon silver cloud!"

"The scene is fair. It is divine.
Thou lovest nature, Emiline!"

"Each moment more—each passing year—
It seems more holy and more clear;
And newer, higher meaning lies
In all chance things that meet the eyes.
Each airy cloud, each simple flow'r,
That blooms and passes in an hour,
To the attentive spirit brings
Plain hints and bright foreshadowings,
Truths ever as we gaze less dim,
Voices and messages from Him.
No leaf so small but something shows—

Here at my feet behold this rose,
In its moist cheek what beauty glows!
To passion, shines the world thus fair,
But lo! what sharp thorns menace there!
What silent voice that cries, 'Beware!
Nor venture on forbidden ground,
With piercing dangers guarded round!
Behold the flow'r with sweetness fraught,
Inhale—enjoy, but—pluck it not!'
By chance, was such a lesson sent?
Is this sweet rose an accident?".

"Why, thou art full of learned lore!
I never knew thee thus before!
A lovely girl, dear Emiline!
I well remember how, with mine,
Thy sportive steps have often strayed
By murmuring brook, in forest shade,
But hear my shamed lips confess
My blind and boyish thoughtlessness.
I deemed thee then as light as fair—
For so I deemed all women were;

Far fonder of the court and ball,
And beauty's power, and pleasure's call,
Than sylvan haunt, in silent wood,
And nature's thoughtful solitude."

"Know'st thou this little plant?" she said,
And, from the moss's velvet bed,
Picked a small azure flow'ret, and
Gave careless into Ulric's hand.

"Its name," he said, "I never knew—"

"Yet in its modest leaves of blue,
Lies couched a pretty secret too,
As many a country swain can prove,
'*The more I see—the more I love.*'"

A short pause followed, broken by,
From Ulric's breast, a deep-drawn sigh.
When started Emiline and said,
"But look! how fast the light doth fade!
And falls the evening's dewy shade,

On all but yonder broken height,
I fear me, it is very late—
And see our guests, already gone,
Yon distant steep are winding down,
On their way homeward through the pass
That leads around the mountain's base.

"'Tis true! and vain our feet to tire,
A horse's fleetness we require
To reach them now—unless thou dare
Descend this shorter way—"

"What, there?
Oh, 'tis too steep—too high—indeed!"

"Nay, nay, let me thy footsteps lead.
Trust me thine arm—nay, do not fear!
Thou shalt not fall while I am here;
Our presence else the rest will miss."

She paused, and placed her arm in his;
And thus supporting her, they went,

All careful down the slope descent:
How thrilled his heart with deep content.

But now, below assembled, meet
The rest, to watch the merry feat.
Among them Hubert, in a mood
Of mirth unwonted, laughing stood.
In order not to dull the feast,
In wine he shamed the merriest guest,
And lighter grew, as more he drank,
His open manners, jovial, frank,
Simple and honest, generous, true,
Though oft, the courtier piercing through,
The guests amuse, perchance amaze,
The rougher soldier's noisier ways.

When Emiline descended down,
At length stood fairly on the lawn,
Hubert, half earnest and half jest,
Folded her sweet form to his breast,
And, struck with new surprise,
To mark the color and the light,

That floated o'er her cheek so bright,
And sparkled in her eyes,
He said: "Hey dey! wife! what is this?
Now, by St. Paul! I'll have a kiss."

With heightened cheek—averted eye,
From his mad humor bent to fly,
She struggled, but in vain;
And the old knight, mid many a peal,
Full on her lips his pledge did seal,
And such a cordial smack did steal,
That the wood rang again.

Quick starting; Ulric backward sprung,
As sudden by a serpent stung,
And stood, unmoving and apart.
Oh Death! what quivered in his heart!

The merry revellers passed on,
And, gayly disappearing down
A hollow glen, before that lay,
Their voices, as they onward stray,

faint in the wood retreat, and die, at length, away.

Still Ulric, cold and breathless, stood,
Stunned, in that noiseless solitude,
Alone—his hand upon his brow—
Oh Hell! receive thy vassal now!
At length he kneeled at Satan's shrine,
The serpent round his heart did twine,
He loved *the Lady Emiline!*

He raised his head when—dark and tall—
He saw an uncouth shadow fall,
And slowly glide upon the ground.
He looked above—below—around,
Yet still it passed before his eyes,
As one who caught by quick surprise,
Off—off—with stealthy footsteps flies.
While a faint warning, from the air,
Bewailed, "Lost one! Despair! Despair!"

A moment, rooted to the spot,
He stood. Yet—yet, he heeded not,
Of heaven the voice—of hell, the sign,
But murmured, "oh sweet Emiline!"

CANTO XIII.

That night there was a merry dance
At the chateau;
And ne'er more bright beamed beauty's glance
Or pleasure's flow.
All heedless moved those mirthful feet
To music's swell,
And sunny hearts all careless beat,
And peaceable,
As hope upon the earth did stream,
Without alloy,
And life were one enchanted dream
Of mirth and joy.

And stealing from the revel loud,
Into the air,

Far from the music and the crowd,
Where shadowy groves their steps enshroud,
Strolled many a pair,
And may they, what that hour they vowed,
Never forswear.

But one without companion roves,
Pensive and slow;
And none beholds, in those thick groves,
Her bosom's throe.
Hopes, feelings, strangely soft—intrude,
Unknown before.
And wandering to the distant wood,
Her thoughts, each beauteous solitude
Still, still explore.
And a bright form is ever near,
Where'er they stroll;
And a rich voice, as sweet and clear
As coming from a higher sphere,
Falls ever on her listening ear,
And on her soul.

She fixes now upon the sky
Her silent gaze,
And watches, with an envious sigh,
The peaceful stars pursue on high
Their quiet ways.
Her glances earthward now survey
The moonlight's stream,
Where, in th' enchanting landscape, lay
Soft memories of that sweet day,
As in a dream.

Oh! wherefore dost thou, from the throng,
So sadly glide?
And what dark shadow steals along,
Close at thy side?
Thou knowest not—thou dreamest not
Oh pure one! why
Beats with such warm unwonted thought
Thy heart so high.
But lo! thy hands in earnest prayer
Together join,
God save thee from the tempter's snare,
Oh Emiline!

CANTO XIV.

Yet Ulric lingered on the hills.
What unknown pain his bosom fills,
To mark that golden, blissful day,
From cloud and hill top fade away,
Each radiant stream, each hue depart,
Like hope and virtue from his heart.
And back and forth with many a sigh,
Till midnight stars ascend the sky,
Confounded and amazed he roved.
The die was cast—he loved—he loved.
And, for her lightest word, had given
His peace on earth—his hope in heaven.

And as he bent his fevered tread
To those wild spots where she had led,

To those dear haunts remembered well,
From his hot lips in murmurs fell
Tumultuous passions, eddying fears,
And burning hope the breast that tears.

"I knew it!—From the very first
A secret love her bosom nurst—
She loves me—at the royal ball,
I marked her soft eyes' modest fall.
And when I met her on the hill,
That tender same expression still.
Oh grassy bank! where once she knelt,
What heaven on thee, my bosom felt!
When o'er my wound the band she drew,
And her cool fingers thrilled me through!
Oh steep—descending, hallowed hill!
My blissful senses tremble still,
With those sensations, new and sweet,
When pressed thy moss our mingling feet.
She loves me not—blind senseless fool!
No thought of love disturbs her soul.
With friendship beats her heart alone?—

Mine deems she guileless as her own?
Friendship! oh peaceful joy! no more
Can shine thy light my bosom o'er.
Beings there are who ne'er can know,
Together, friendship's tranquil flow.
Or cold and distant they must be,
Or linked in love's idolatry.
By heaven! she loves! each nameless grace,
Each transient color on her face,
Each look—each shrinking gesture proves,
Each tender, trembling word—she loves."

Thus racked with all the lover's pains,
A lofty hill abrupt he gains,
Commanding from its wooded height
Old Rudolstadt with blazing light.
And softly swelling on the breeze
Came up the music through the trees,
Mingling with wafts from heaps that lay,
Thick scattered round, of new-mown hay.

"Oh Emiline, why did I not

Kneel at thy feet?
There, in that hushed and lonely spot,
That moment sweet,
Then, when thou gav'st thy little flow'r,
My love confess?
And yield all heaven for that one hour
Of happiness?
Weak doubts away! this idle fear
I will not bear.
My burning passion she shall hear,
And my despair.
Yes, I will hold that struggling hand
This night in mine.
Oh what for me is Heaven's command,
To Emiline?"

And down the height he swiftly strode,
A moment at the gateway stood,
To listen to a voice that still
Back called him clearly from the hill,
But called in vain—and of the Schloss
The portal wide he scarce did cross,

And trod the entering chamber high,
When caught him Hubert's jesting eye.

"Ha! By the mass! And there thou art!
Where hast thou been? And why didst part
So early from our laughing crew?
St. Mary! pale and haggard too,
As Pilgrim just from Holy Land!
And dark thy brow and hot thy hand!
What is the matter, Ulric? tell!
Thou art unhappy, or unwell."

"Unhappy! From our party gay
I went, because I lost my way.
Confound your winding hills, I say!
Like lead I drag my heavy feet;
Am fevered, too, with thirst and heat!"

"Thirst! Ha! a malady, be sure,
At Rudolstadt, we know to cure!
Ho, wine here!"
Deep and long the draught

That Hubert poured and Ulric quaffed.
"Again!" He quaffed it. And again!
Till foamed his blood and flashed his brain,
And unabashed once more his glance.
"So! Bravo! now wilt join the dance?"

"Aye, that I will, my master fair,
And match me with the merriest there."

And now the gallant proud and brave,
A moment to his toilette gave,
And started with amaze to pass,
His image gleaming in the glass.
Was it the exercise—was it the wine—
Was it the thought of Emiline—
Which lent his form and gaze, that hour,
Such lofty grace, such magic power?

And so resolved, the festive throng
He sought, and slowly moved along,
With careless smile and jest.
And little did his open brow

The guilty hopes and fears avow,
That filled his beating breast.
And many a joyous graceful word,
With heart unmoved that night he heard,
Although from lips divine.
Each instant thrilled his soul to meet
That form so fair, that voice so sweet,
With fevered glance and breathless—yet
No Lady Emiline.
Vainly he sought her every where;
All sick with rapture and despair;
When lo! an open window there,
Contrasts the ball-room's dazzling blaze,
With the pale moon's ethereal rays,
A sea of azure light;
And many of the company,
Beneath that silent starry sky,
Wandered in groups of two and three,
Touched by the witching night.
And now he sought each distant glade,
Secret as if for lovers made;
"Oh be this blest hour given,

Once more—but once—with her to rove—
Alone—and tell my fatal love—
Aye, though the price be heaven."

And strange the thoughts that o'er him came,
Despair and triumph—hope and shame.
That his wild steps to ruin flew,
Too plain he felt—too well he knew—
But such a path of rapture through,
So tempting soft—so heavenly sweet,
He could not stay his winged feet.

On, on he roved, with wild desire;
His blood was warm, his brain on fire;
Hasted with many a murmur deep
Through grove and glade, by wood and steep.

Oh Ulric! Ulric! murmur not
That each enchanting, lonely spot,
Thou seek'st in vain.
To guard thy steps, angels of light,
Took careful heed ye should, that night,
Not meet again.

CANTO XV.

THE fete was o'er, the revellers gone,
And, broad and high, the spotted moon
Her calm and noiseless journey still
Held on, alike o'er good and ill;
And melted half, and half revealed,
Each silver rock and gleaming field,
Each sloping wood and mountain height,
And vale half lost in azure light.

Oh gentle orb! what different eyes
Watch thy hushed progress thro' the skies!
Behind his dungeon's silvered bars,
The captive views, amid the stars,
The infinite concave that throng,
Thy shape of wonder float along.

Feels, o'er his heart, thy softness break,
And gild the tear upon his cheek.
O'er the lone pilgrim's weary way,
Thy presence sheds a tenderer day,
Who pauses oft to mark thee ride,
Above the mountains at his side,
Or plunge into the silent shroud,
That veils thy orb, of some thick cloud,
Then issue forth, and pour again
Thy splendor o'er the darkened plain.
The murderer, with guilt oppressed,
Folds his rough arms upon his breast,
Touched by thy soft and solemn power,
Thinks of God's word, and death's dark hour,
And wishes that his soul might be,
Once more, bright, calm, and pure like thee.

And the poor lover, on thy face,
Gazed, from a statue's silent base,
And thought, with wild despairing mien,
Of all that was, and might have been.

"Oh woe is me!" he lowly said,
"What mighty curse is on my head!
From my foul hand she lies as far
As yonder pure unconscious star.
She sleeps, and tranquil virtue throws,
Round her bright form a sweet repose.
Oh Innocence! thy robes of snow,
Still o'er thy fairest treasure throw.
My madness may she never know!"

And starting, stung, he turned away,
With black remorse and shame to stray
Once more through each beloved scene,
Where that blessed day her feet had been.
And as he trod, his wild despair
Thus uttered to the midnight air—

"How I have laughed at love! What scorn
Have cast upon the wretch forlorn.
Caught in his boyish bower.
What wonder and what ridicule
Have wasted on the simple fool,

Who gives his manly self control,
Perhaps his country or his soul,
To woman's wayward power.
Yet now, oh Emiline!" he said,
Upon his bosom sank his head,
He heaved a sigh profound;
In tears the grief he could not speak,
Rolled down the unmanned soldier's cheek,
And dropped upon the ground.

"How many a vacant time, while yet
A careless student, I have met
And talked and danced with Emiline!
Aye! had her sweet hand clasped in mine,
With frank adieu or friendly greeting,
At parting light, or merry meeting!
How oft, by chance together brought,
Without a care, without a thought,
We've wandered with each other,
And laughing fled the summer shower,
To some thick wood or tangled bower,
Aye, roved in moonlight's loveliest hour,

And never dreamed there was a power,
That o'er our peaceful hearts could throw
A softer shade, a livelier glow,
Than through the tranquil veins might flow,
Of sister and of brother!
Yet now, whene'er her eyes, by chance,
Meet mine, each gentle, careless glance
Strikes like some spell my senses through,
To melt, bewilder, and subdue.
And when I hold my breath to feel
Her voice's sweetness through me steal,
Not fear of Heaven itself restrains
The tender tumult in my veins.
I strive, from her enchanted sway,
My fainting heart to tear away,—
I strive—but cannot. Still I trace
All the deep beauty of her face,
Still drink the charming smile, although,
Each blissful glance, too well I know,
Is fraught with death and endless woe.
And yet her beauty, not alone,
Lies in her smile, her glance, her tone,

*

But hath a sweet light of its own ;
Or like the altar's incense wreathes,
Floats on the very air she breathes,
And all around her must inhale
Its poison on the scented gale.
Each gentle word, each graceful mood,
Each sweet unconscious attitude,
The very movement of her dress,
The very ground her footsteps press,
Emit a sense of loveliness."

Thus raved the wretch, not once aware,
Was round him wove, what fatal snare.
Thus raved—thus writhed—and little knew
Whose deadly shaft had pierced him through.

" And once, oh fiery thought ! a maid,
By my blest side, unclaimed, she strayed.
And Hubert then did feel love's pain,
And sought by me his suit to gain.
And I laughed at him (sure a spell
Wove round my eyes some fiend of Hell !)

But pressed his suit, and pressed it well!
Spoke of his worth, his land;
And almost, on that fatal day,
Sweet Emiline, did give away,
With my own hand!"

On, on he went, through wood, o'er dale,
Down rugged steep, by winding vale,
Now fired with hope—now filled with shame,
Now murmuring low th' enchanted name,
Now stopped as he had wounded been,
And so he was. Remorse, I ween,
Had struck him with her arrow keen.

"Love! and the Lady Emiline!
Oh sooner, on this brow of mine,
Ask haughty Charles to place his crown,
And, from his high throne stepping down,
Expect earth's proudest lord to see
Do homage on his bended knee.
By Heaven! sooner this, than seek
The faintest color on her cheek!

Or any thought not summoned there
By modest truth and virtue fair!
What! Emiline a guilty love!
What! Emiline consent to rove
O'er sin's impure and fiery road,
One instant from the path of God!
Cease, slanderer! cease thy monstrous thought!
In falsehood steeped—with madness fraught.
And Hubert too—my host—my friend—
Oh were I once but Hubert, and
Caught, in some unsuspecting hour,
A serpent gliding in my bow'r,
With jealous doubt and damning fear
To blast my eyes by venturing near
My sweet forbidden fruit,
In tortures should the reptile die—
No, by the powers of earth and sky,
And Hell! I would not do't.
With other wife than Emiline,
Perchance! But she! The pure one, mine,
Whose innocence could never stray
From virtue's path, one step away,—

The harmless wretch, I would not kill!
Live on he might, and gaze his fill,
And feed his burning madness still;
Of hopeless love, learn all the thrill,
From other pain exempt.
Upon his base, presumptuous brow,
I would but dash a scornful blow,
Marking the wretch in public so,
For laughter and contempt."

He paused, deep plunged in gloomy shade,
When sudden on his shoulder laid,
He felt a human hand that made,
From his hot cheek the life-blood fade,
Within that midnight wood.
And though unused to fear his heart,
Yet shame and guilt had done their part.
He started, and he well might start—
Hubert before him stood.

Was it by chance that, ere a word,
Ulric's hand slowly to his sword

With tremulous action stole?
Was it by chance—that hope of flame,
For earth too black—too low for shame—
Too fierce for Heaven itself to tame—
Rejected wild, more wildly came
Back on his soul?
The hope that Hubert follow'd there,
For deadly quarrel frank and fair,
That some sharp blows of clashing steel
Such as a soldier's hand might deal,
Upon that silent slope,
And ere an hour's time were told—
The hateful Hubert's image bold,
Stretched on the red turf, stiff and cold—
No more his madd'ning steps should hold
From his one hope.

Still on his sword his hand was laid.
With ominous calm he slowly said:
"Count Rodolphe! you have doubtless heard,
Of my poor thought, each frenzied word!"

"Have doubtless heard? No, surely not.
Nor frenzied word—nor careless thought.
No mean eavesdropper, I,
To watch a friend's unguarded mood,
In noonday hall, or midnight wood,
Or into secret care, with rude
And stealthy step to pry.
I heard thy voice, and waited still,
Astonished, upon yonder hill;
Nor would, till thou wert silent, come,
To break thy thought—to cheer thy gloom."

"You dog my steps," said Ulric, and
Still with his sword-hilt played his hand;
Nor e'er did dangerous brawler burn,
For strife more ready and more stern.

One instant more—infernal snare!
And insult fierce—without repair,
Had stretched the murdered Hubert there.
When breathed another voice, "Forbear,
The Pow'rs of Hell thy breast inspire.

And flame thy lips with damned fire.
What! would'st thou take the husband's life,
Foul recreant! in the unequal strife,
With streaming hands to seek the wife?"

And Hubert stood, and silent scanned
His friend's dark brow and threat'ning hand;
But then, although at passion's call,
Quick, as when sudden lightnings fall,
He felt no wrath within him rise,
But only mirth and light surprise.
Sure some good angel at his side,
Withheld, that hour, his passion's tide.

"Good faith! and merry master mine!
I was sent forth by Emiline,
Who, from an open window, where
She drank the night's refreshing air—
A passing faintness brought her there—
Did mark thee pacing to and fro,
Then up the lonely forest go,
And deemed thy footstep thither bent

Some sadness—or some accident.
Or that thou would'st, as happed before,
Get lost among the hills once more.
Or that perchance some sickness might
Fall on thee, as too oft the night
Our climate sharply cools.
And other fears—now this—now that—
The tooth-ache—or the Lord knows what!
Women are always fools!
So I came forth thy steps to track,
Nor leave thee till I bring thee back,
A man, thy moody madness over—
And not—ha! ha! a moonstruck lover."
"What I?—a lover!"—"Nay, no more!
Thy thoughts, sir, are no hidden lore.
I know thy secret—cheat me not!
Thou'st had some quarrel with Marie.
By Venus' doves! By Cupid's dart!
How that young thing hath witched thy hea
Thank Heaven! not mine the lover's smart!
For ever 'tis his lot,
To think, if droops her tender eye,

Or stirs her breast the passing sigh,
Or comes a cloud across the sky,
Or any other reason why—
His mistress loves him not.
Ha! ha! What folly hath come o'er thee!
Good friend! no maid can so adore thee;
But like a girl she shrinks before thee.
Young, tender, timid, as a fawn,
Who must be wooed and waited on,
With gentle arts all gently won,
Not quarrelled with—not frowned upon.
That is no way to win, I ween,
A coy young thing of seventeen.
Come! Down upon thy knees. Confess,
'Tis love makes thy unhappiness.
Come! out with it! Thou madly lov'st—
Ha! ha! And hence at midnight rov'st.
And hence, with haggard cheek dost brood
Ho, ho! in savage solitude!
For little Marie thou dost pine!
I know thou dost—though Emiline—"

He paused, and Ulric turned away,
With hollow voice and low, to say,
"Well! Emiline—"
Said Hubert, gay,—
"Tut! that is neither here nor there!
Now, Ulric, by my troth! I swear!
I hold it neither kind nor fair,
That thou should'st keep me from thy heart,
And all its thoughts so far apart.
Why, I scarce know thee! what! a girl!
With mincing face, and sunny curl,
So to disturb a soldier's breast,
So pale thy brow, so break thy rest?
Or may there really be, forsooth!
In Emiline's surmise, some truth?
And doth there, in thy sickness, lie
A deeper cause than meets the eye?"

Now started Ulric, "By my soul!
No deeper cause. Who can control
His stronger destiny?
I yield! you've named the reason why

Alone I steal—alone I sigh—
I love—the young Marie !"

"Ho ! ho !" quoth Hubert, "now it's out !
I was a fool one hour to doubt
My judgment and my sight.
I knew the matter all along ;
My wife is ever in the wrong,
I, ever, in the right !
'Tis true ! We men are on our station
As lords and masters of Creation.
We know each cause and how it springs,
And see the farthest into things !
There are, deceived by poets' lies,
Who prate of woman's keener eyes,
Her subtler mind and clearer thought—
Her finer instincts, and what not.
But I must say that, after all,
By my own sense I stand or fall ;
And be it fair and frank confest,
I always find my judgment best.
Come, sighing swain ! no more to roam

Be mine to guide thee safely home,
Like careful sire.
And, by St. Hubert! So to speak,
'Tis well we had thee not to seek
With the town-crier."

Thus back they took, o'er vale and hill,
Their winding way, and Ulric still
Speechless, as if the hand of death
Had chilled his heart and froze his breath.
While laughing Hubert onward pressed
With many a light and merry jest,
And little, in his mirth, did think,
Upon the high and giddy brink
Of what deep precipice he stood,
That night within the lonely wood.

CANTO XVI.

At length they saw before them rise
The castle tow'rs against the skies.
Ulric but half suppressed the sighs
That heaved his aching heart.
While lights the aged porter brought,
Gay Hubert still his guest besought,
To give to love no further thought,
But scorn the urchin's dart.

"Good night old fellow! come! take cheer!
We'll find a way that brow to clear,
Most excellent! upon my life!
I'll triumph o'er my knowing wife.
At last she'll own me in the right.
Good night! poor wounded stag! Good night

And to his chamber Ulric stole,
To commune with his guilty soul,
Triumphant yet abash'd.
Such troubled joy as well may greet,
Into Hell's caves, the wanderer's feet,
Across his anguish flash'd.
"She loves me! Vanish doubt and fear!
She loves me! Noonday not more clear!
Or wherefore thus her husband send,
Through midnight wilds, my steps to tend?
Or wherefore from the revel fly?
Aye, wherefore, but because that I
Was absent from the company,
She drank the night's refreshing air?
Why should a faintness call her there?
Or wherefore, with the blush divine,
Her sweet arm stealing into mine,
To that lone bower rove,
Where summer's soft breath through the woo
And nature's mystic solitude
Attune the soul to love?
Marry! she bids me marry! why?

A woman's sweet revenge, that I
Have come so slow her wish to meet,
And worship at her angel feet.
To mark my bosom swell,
To watch my saddened brow, each day,
The secret of my soul betray,
Which my tongue dare not tell.
Dare not, and need not. Wherefore tell,
What she already knows too well?
And, need I not unfold,
To her, the thought that breaks my rest,
So need I neither ask her breast
What she hath also told.
For was it ever seen or heard
That love must wait for tedious word;
To make his coming known!
Oh, music, flow'rs—the very air—
The smallest trifle sparkles there,
Only his presence to declare,
And, what the lips would never dare—
Full many a sweet and secret way
He findeth, well enough, to say,

In language of his own.
Loves she not me? Oh gentle flow'r!
Dear messenger of that blessed hour!
Thou art her language. In thee lies
The meaning of her downcast eyes.
In thee her breath—her soul are wove,
"*The more I see—the more I love.*"
Hubert! ha! ha! why should I care
For Hubert! He would never spare
Another in a like affair.
Witness his follies past!
True he's my friend; but, tempted so,
Friendship itself awreck must go.
Old ocean hath his whirlwinds, where
The tallest ship careering there—
The mightiest wind and wave to dare—
Must meet her fate at last.

"Oh could I speak with her this night!
"Fool!" said a half-heard whisper, "write!"

He started, for before him lay,

And since at Rudolstadt his stay,
Till now unseen—a virgin sheet,
As if to woo his wandering feet
On, onward to the nearer brink,
Nor wanted pen, nor wanted ink,
All common things conspire.
Nor wanted rapturous thoughts that pressed,
Nor feelings pent within his breast,
Like Ætna's burning fire.

He seized the pen with trembling hand,
Triumphant in the magic wand;
Beholds her soothing smile arise,
And basks him in her sunny eyes,
Again through forests seems to rove,
And unforbidden pours his love,
While, deeply flowing, swells the tide—
As if she listened at his side.

"I cannot conceal it,
I cannot control,
It is love. It hath entered—
Hath mastered my soul.

I have wept—I have struggled,
All vainly—too strong
Is the current of rapture
That sweeps me along.

I do not demand,
Though my secret be told,
Thy form to my bosom,
One instant to fold.

But only with pity
Thy soft breast to swell—
But only to meet me,
And bid me farewell.

I do not deceive me,
I do not aspire
In thy bosom to kindle
One tender desire!

One thought o'er thy shadowless
Forehead to throw,

That the angel of innocence
Ought not to know.

But I ask for compassion;
I ask thee to bend,
On the pangs of a lover
The look of a friend.

Of a heart that is breaking,
The saviour to be,
A heart that is—Emiline—
Breaking for thee.

I ask thee to pity
To soothe—to advise—
And from madness to save
With one glance of thine eyes.

Thou must meet me, my cousin!
Once more we must stray
Through those forests, and steal
From the others away.

Once more—oh but once—
We together must rove,
Where we yesterday stood,
In that beautiful grove.

Our parting on earth
Must be, Emiline, there,
Thou art strong—thou art pure—
Nothing fear, and I swear
Thou shalt be as my angel,
Thy lips shall declare,

What thou wilt; and their bidding
Thy slave shall obey,
From thy presence though banished
Forever away.

But, ere I part from thee,
Through life to remain
An exile, and never
To see thee again,

Thou must grant me, my cousin,
That happiness sweet,
Once more to gaze on thee,
To kneel at thy feet.

So—ere to the desert
His journey he takes,
The camel his thirst
At the cool fountain slakes.

Oh refuse not the draught!
For too surely he knows,
O'er the way of the wand'rer,
No more water flows!"

And thus the sheet with passion glowed,
And thus the burning torrent flowed,
When, at his ear, a sudden word
Touched in his heart far different chord.

"Go! to the home of friendship, go!
And o'er its paths thy shadow throw!

A sinless peace thou there wilt find,
But leave a broken heart behind,
A broken heart no love can bind,
With Hell's eternal snakes entwined.
Go! leave remorse, from passion bred,
And blistering tears must not be shed,
Yet cannot be suppressed;
The smothered sigh—the sunken head—
The broken dream—the stealthy tread—
And all the agony and dread
That haunt the guilty breast.
Go! and thy banquet foul prepare!
Go! God's o'erseeing anger dare!
Fool! for thy master, watching there."

"Away with such thoughts!
But a coward would fail
At the whispers of fancy,
A nursery tale!"

"Dangers there are, and dark of hue,
The wise may face—the bold subdue,

But only guilt, not courage, meets,
Untrembling, love's forbidden sweets.
And from the spell of woman's eye,
The bravest is the first to fly."

"Away! be it madness,
Or guilt, or despair!
For my Emiline's sake,
Guilt itself I will bear."

"Ulric be warned! thy angel leaves thee!
The dark one conquers and deceives thee!
He lures thee on, with mock'ry sweet;
While seeming Heaven thy senses greet,
All Hell is yawning at thy feet!
One step—one thought—oh, unbeliever!
Thou plungest down its depths forever.
Up! up! awake! thy foe defy!
Awake! arise! fly! lost one! fly!"

"I cannot fly—it is in vain,
My blood is fired, and reels my brain,

I ne'er shall fly that foe again,
His toils are of myself a part!
Oh God! They are my very heart!
To 'scape Hell's gates let others try,
For me—'tis vain—I cannot fly!"

"Upon the Lord thy burden cast;
He will support thee to the last!
His law, in all thy thoughts, obey!
Oh! Call upon him in thy day
Of trouble. He will lead thy way."

"Sweet Powers of mercy! Could I find,
Or in her beauty or her mind,
One spot—one blemish—nay, but one—
Reason might rest and dwell upon—
I would resist—I might suppress
This feeling of her loveliness;
But now its sweet waves o'er me roll,
And close my ears—and whelm my soul."

"*And what thou ask'st—sincere from Heav*
And in my name—it shall be given.

It shall be given, although it be
Mountains to cast into the sea."

Now paused the soldier, strong and bold,
The sweat-drops down his forehead rolled.
Then from his hand the sheet he thrust—
And slowly bent, into the dust,
His pale repentant brow!
"*Save me! for other there is none,*
By whom the battle can be won,
Oh God! but only thou!"

"Yet not enough the fervent prayer,
To foil the Dark One of the air.
Into captivity be brought
Each wand'ring wish—each guilty thought.
Stand fast! spent almost is the night.
Faint not! but walk a child of light."

He rose—in deepest anguish lost,
But would not disobey.
Though sharp the pang that effort cost,
Though still on love's strong billows tost,

He cast the pen away,
Nor paused the fervid sheet to tear,
And threw it to the idle air.

When lo! as Heaven and Hell between
He darkly struggled yet,
There fell the clearest light serene,
By mortal vision ever seen,
When moonbeams gild the fairy green,
Or gleams the gold sunset;
And rustled near a silken wing,
And then a holy voice,
As of an angel whispering,
He heard: "Rejoice! rejoice!
Thy baffled foe—abashed—afraid—
Yielding, hath, for a season, fled;
And God, who reigns on high,
Over thy heart a blessing throws—
Counts all thy fainting steps and knows
Thy hard-won victory.
Henceforth, oh warrior! the reward
Of thy strong faith, a nearer guard

Of angels bright shall be.
And, of the spiritual world,
The inner secrets, half unfurled,
Thy holier eyes shall see.
Be of good cheer! these pangs but prove
Thy breast in mercy and in love;
And teach how certain and how sweet
By Faith, to tread, beneath thy feet,
Earth and its snares! Be strong nor fear!
Fight the good fight; for I am near;
And as the sun, at daybreak bright,
O'er highest peaks doth throw,
First, his ethereal glowing light,
While sleeps the world beneath in night,—
So, on thy forehead now,
These heavenly streams of glory shine;
For, ever struggling against sin,
Thy resolute heart hath striven,
And now, upborne in holier birth,
Although thy feet are on the earth,
Thy soul is half in heaven.
But oh beware

Too much to dare!
Nor deem the battle won!
Hell's deep control
Yet sways thy soul,
Released by death alone!"

CANTO XVII.

ANOTHER and another day
Rolled soft and swift their hours away.
Said Hubert: "Emiline!
Tell me, in what sequestered grove,
From laughing eyes concealed, doth rove
This wounded deer of thine?"

Said she: "I now in truth do read
Change, as thou say'st, complete indeed!
Our sight he shuns. I strive in vain
To win him to our walks again.
He rides all day in thoughtful mood,
Alone in forest solitude.
By chance we met him yesterday;
The rein on Sultan's shoulder lay;
He saw us—turned and dashed away."

Another morning came, and all
Assembled in the breakfast hall,
And Ulric with the rest.
No more he kneeled at Satan's shrine,
Nor sought the glance of Emiline;
But calmed at last, by aid divine,
The earthquke of his breast.
Their parting such—and such their meeting.
After one light and courteous greeting,
That careless seemed and gay,
He strove to keep—oh heavy task!
His gaze from hers—no more to bask
And revel in those soothing eyes.
Of —— —— righteousness the sacrifice!
He ever turned away.
The tide of merriment flowed brightly,
He heard her jesting, laughing lightly,
With sweet, unstudied grace;
When, sudden, some unconscious word,
Within his breast new madness stirred,
He raised his eyes, and hers, oh heart!
Drawn from the others back, apart,

Full rested on his face.
He started as their glances met,
And sudden turned away; but yet
Not ere he marked, o'er cheek and brow,
The transient, soft suffusion flow;
And trembling as he looked around,
He saw the guests were gone;
Dispersed about the wooded ground,
The terrace and the lawn;
And she remained—oh was it guile,
That manner sweet?
And motioned him, with artless smile,
To a low seat.
Where, should he sit, he must, the while
Sit at her feet;
And yet he went with a strange feeling,
And sat—unless one call it kneeling.

"Thou unkind and capricious one!
Mak'st thou sweet sonnets to the moon?
And shows the forest's lonely way,
At midnight, fairer than by day?

"They who in their own thoughts delight,
Find forests fair both day and night."
"Indeed! And thou art one!"

"It cannot, cousin fair, to thee,
A very wondrous matter be,
That pleasure and frivolity
Sometimes my footsteps shun."

"But, from thy wise lips, dost thou know,
Strange contradictions, cousin, flow!
To-day, 'tis yes—to-morrow, no.
Mark thou my purpose well!
Flattered I surely ought to be,
When, for I know it all, you see,
The pretty secrets, locked from me,
You to my husband tell!"

Then heaved his heart—one instant more,
His bended knee had touched the floor,
That radiant vision to adore;
So had his snared soul vainly striven,

When entering from the balmy heav'n,
A sudden breeze swept by.
It seemed as if an angel there,
From his hot brow put back the hair,
And said: "Remember and beware!
Fly, Ulric, fly!"

Rising, he said: "It may be strange,
I did not think my mind would change;
But now, upon my life!
The pretty Marie seems to me
Fashioned by Love himself to be
A model of a wife.
What with her beauty and her land,
'Twere not amiss to seek her hand.

Thou hast forgotten, in the grove
The young Marie, I do not love!

Such things, about, one does not go,
Telling to all the world, you know!"

His words, and colder gesture too,

Struck with a strange surprise;
Over her brow a shadow threw,
And, or his thoughts deceived him, drew
A moisture to her eyes.
To meet their look he did not stay—
Lead him, oh unseen hand, away—
Nor turned he back, unlike Lot's wife—
For terror of the unequal strife.
And as he wandered thoughtful on,
Old Hubert met him on the lawn.

"Hubert, come hither! I've a grace
To beg—but smooth thy laughing face!
Didst thou not lately hint
That, an I would, the young Marie
Would prove no cruel maid to me?"
"Aye! or the devil's in't!"

"I am a soldier, sir, you know,
Too rude in courtly terms to woo.
If you will undertake
To her my poor request to bear,

And she my claim with favor hear,
To know, I wait her fair commands,
How soon the church's holy bands
A man and wife shall make.
And tell her I shall never find
A woman nearer to my mind."

"Now, by my troth!" good Hubert said,
Thy life with such a beauteous maid,
Will be one scene of bliss.
Nor flies the arrow from its bow,
Swifter than I, thy wish to do.
I told my wife—I always knew
The thing would come to this!
And hear an ancient comrade swear,
Though sweet the bachelor's courses are,
At last, their pleasures pall;
And there is, really, in the ease,
The calm, the safety, and the peace,
Over the tranquil pathway shed,
Of married people, happ'ly wed,
Something that's worth them all.

A thousand times I wish thee joy!
I'll straightway to the damsel coy."

"And, look ye, Hubert, there,
Where o'er the lawn that old oak grove
Flings its black shade alone, I'll rove,
Till thou her answer bear."

A heavy hour passed on and then,
Hubert—with slower step, again,
And laughing, said:
"In faith, Dear Ulric, I have tried
To talk the matter with thy bride,
But I had rather, any day,
Meet mounted knight, in deadly fray,
Than have one serious word to say
To a young maid!
And so, as I remember, thou,
My courting partly hast to do,
With her; I've ordered Emiline
To try the young Marie with thine.
She comes—oh ho! like death thou'rt pal

Pity thou couldst not drop a veil,
And hide from all unfeeling eyes
Thy changeful cheek—thy anxious sighs!"

With graceful gesture, grave and sweet,
He saw her come his glance to meet,
And marked her deepening cheek the while,
Her downcast eyes—her serious smile,
And in her softening presence caught
Hope—joy—despair—he knew not what.

"Ulric," she said, "the deed is done—
Marie is wooed and nearly won.
Thy love I have confessed,
And I have been surprised to find
A heart, a feeling, and a mind
I knew not she possessed.
We had some blushes and some tears;
She pleaded first her tender years;
Yet, hiding on my breast her brow,
Owned more than I must tell thee now.
I thought all settled—but,

Amid her happiness, I find,
Lurks, firmly, in her girlish mind,
A fancy, which, with all my art,
I could not banish—that thy heart
Is fairly conquered not.
And so she says thy faithful love,
By a year's trial thou must prove.

Said Ulric, with a secret joy,
"Since the fair maiden is so coy,
To-morrow at the earliest dawn,
From her too witching charms withdrawn,
To Berlin back again I ride,
And wait at home my doubting bride."

Said Emiline: "To-morrow! back!"
While moody Hubert's brow grew black!
"Go, when you like, you may,
Since all the pains that we could take
Have failed our poor Chateau to make
More worthy of your stay."

"I thought the country thou didst love,"
Said Emiline, "and that to rove,
Through its soft wonders, did impart
Such rapture to thy grateful heart."

"Why so I do," he cold replied,
And drew him sternly from her side;
"I love it for a time—but then,
One pines for livelier scenes again.
At last I find the country dull,
'Tis of monotony too full,
The hours so empty and so long,
The same eternal ceaseless song,
Of hill and dale and wood and plain,
Then dale and wood and hill again;
I weary for the city's crowd,
The dazzling throng—the clamor loud."

Now whispered Hubert with a frown:
"What a strange fellow hath he grown!
The devil I think his humor sways.
By Lucifer! such haughty ways

I am unused to meet.
He snaps and snarls on all around,
As if too mean, our humble ground,
For his disdainful feet.
Come, Emiline! I hie me home,
Dost hear me, wife? I bid thee come!

One look on Ulric's face she bent,
Then without answer, slowly went.

"And so," he thought, "the die is cast,
'Tis over. She hath gone at last.
Meet we again? No, never!
To-morrow, with dawn's earliest gleam,
Ere she awake from her pure dream,
Which, heav'n be praised! will not be broke
By any word my lips have spoke,
I fly from love's unworthy sway,
With resolute steps—away—away—
For ever and for ever."

His gloomy thought—his deep drawn sigh

Were sudden interrupted by
A small and gentle hand—Oh bliss!
Oh love!—slow stealing into his.
He thrilled with deep surprise,
And turned, afraid his breath to take
Lest from so wild a dream he wake;
'Twas Emiline—she had come back,
And tears were in her eyes.

"Ulric! dear Ulric! can it be!
How have I so offended thee?
Why art thou angry? End like this
Our friendship and our happiness?
What is the matter?" He withdrew
His hand—hers coldly from him threw,
And gazed on her unconscious charms,
With haughty brow and folded arms.

"Oh how thou'rt altered! I have done,
I know not what to meet thy frown;
Some cruel slander thou hast heard!
One parting—one forgiving word!"

She held her hand. Eternal Foe!
He yields! thou hast thy victim now!
When—underneath—far down below—
As from Hell's deep infernal sphere—
Triumphant laughter stuns his ear.
And then a chorus—faint and sweet,
Far from above—his soul to greet;
Ethereal—clear—and distant fell,
As on the smoky air might swell,
Upon the madd'ning battle's plain,
Some old cathedral's solemn strain:

"Ulric beware! oh have a care!
Trust not thy feet within the snare!
Angels watch thee from the air!"

Then shouted Hubert, loud and stern:
"What, Emiline! what, ho! return!
Whither have roved thy feet away?
Art deaf? What, wife! Come back, I say!"

She paused, when, between them,

Uprising, there came,
From the earth, a dim phantom
Of guilt and of shame,
Invisible, glancing
His bright burning eyes,
To her side doth he glide,
And with eagerness pries
Deep into her heart,
With demoniac gaze,
Back starts, unbelieving,
And shrinks with amaze—
Then shuddered—retreating,
From her bosom, quick beating,
Where his arts had no sway,
He fled baffled away.

And she—the pure-hearted,
With a sad prayer, departed.
While Ulric, attending,
His rapt ear was bending,
To catch the soft sound
Of those voices around,

That came, louder and nearer,
And sweeter and clearer;
To the heart of the hearer.
Over him stealing,
Wisdom revealing,
And loftier feeling,
His courage reviving,
In his struggling and striving,
For he heard without scorning
Their whispering—and warning.
From the sweetest of sweetness,
  On earth ever given,
He had broken, by faith
  In the promise of heaven!

CANTO XVIII.

Morning! It tints the eastern sky,
To cloud and hill-top silently
Its fiery arrows glancing fly.
Morning! in earliest loveliness,
With all its glory and its peace.
But not more peaceful nature lay,
In the deep calm of opening day,
And not more glorious streamed the east
With radiant light, than Ulric's breast;
The peace of prayer—and from above,
The light of mercy and of love.

Already, at the castle gate,
Behold the warlike charger wait;
His eyes of fire he rolls around,

Impatient neighs and paws the ground.
So stands, when rings the trumpet's sound
As if his breast instinctive knew
His task to bear that lov'd lord through,
Not sabre flash and cannon roar,
But battle field, o'er which, before,
No steed his rider ever bore.

"Oh Sultan, let thy limbs be fleet!".
He said, and vaulted to his seat.
When lo! he sees before him stand
Hubert, and laughing seize his hand!

"Ho! ho! young firebrand! whither now?
I counsel on thy way to go
Somewhat more wisely and more slow."

"Good friend, farewell!" "Tut! tut! By Jove
Another inch thou dost not move!"

"Hubert, I thank thee! But adieu!
Thy friendly feeling well I knew.

Yet now my sober plans compel
To speed away. Farewell! farewell!"

Quoth Hubert, "Ha! and is it so?
In Heaven's name then, Ulric, go!
A plague on all thy schemes!
But first, my blessing take with thee,
And all the more, for that, I see,
In these last weeks, 'twixt thee and me,
Young man, a *shadow* seems.
I know not what, nor greatly care.
Some men, ha! ha! like women are,
And flaunt their friends with changeful mood,
And slight their host for solitude.
And must, with visage long and dark,
Be humored too, Heaven save the mark!
But of one thing, at least, I'm sure,
Whate'er thou choose to do,
Ulric, thy mind, as snow, is pure.
Thy heart, as steel, is true.
So fare thee well! One last embrace.
Though somewhat sad, we'll miss thy face.

Forget us not—where'er thou be,
May God's best blessing rest on thee!"

Three kisses warm their friendship speak.
No Judas' lips pressed Hubert's cheek.

Flashed Ulric's eyes with conscious fire,
But did not droop their rays.
Thank God! they had no need retire
From friendship's trustful gaze.
Not all the lusts of wealth and power,
That hollow worldlings prove,
Not pleasure's light and fading flower,
Not proud ambition's loftiest hour,
Not all the sweets of love,
Can pay the coward meanness felt,
Deep to the heart, by conscious guilt,
When eyes of friend or neighbor greet,
With honest glance it dare not meet,
Can give the peace, the pure delight,
The secret joy of acting right.

"I thank thee Hubert. If I know
Myself there is no shadow now
'Twixt thee and me, but clear sunshine,
And a true heart completely thine,
From every coldness free;
And if in coming years thou e'er
Need friend life's heavy grief to share,
Its pangs to sooth—its storms to dare—
Hubert, remember me!"

"Now, Sultan, speed! forward!"
And swift on his way
Sprang the courser, impatient
His lord to obey.
Like mists of the morning,
That pass on the wind,
The terrace—the castle—
Are melting behind.
By vale and by forest,
By meadow and lawn,
Like an arrow the steed
And his rider sped on;

Nor e'er looked behind them,
As breathless they flew,
Beneath branches all fragrant
And dripping with dew.
And onward and onward
They hurry in flight,
Through air thick with perfume,
By cliffs bathed in light.
Already—already—
That castle so dear,
Its walls—they are hidden,
Its towers disappear,
And still, like an eagle,
The sky cleaving through,
Still swifter and farther
And farther they flew—

When Sultan stopped. Oh Tempter! thou
Didst check him on that mountain brow,
Where broke once more upon his view,
The morn's aerial softness through,
With a strange power—that heavenly scene,

Where his blest feet with hers had been,
Each skyey mountain gleaming there—
An azure dream—half earth, half air—
Each rock and hill that swelled so sweet,
Round happy Rudolph's castle seat;
Each silvery steep, and deepening shade—
Each charm, by morning tenderer made,
New secret joy impart.
Each meadowy vale of that soft day—
Each well-known wood—each wandering way,
All bright, again their fatal sway
Wind round his yielding heart.
Long, long he gazed, with spell-bound eyes,
With heaving breast and bursting sighs—
His high resolves forgot.
And now again, on love's deep tide,
As some wrecked vessel doth he ride—
No hope to cheer, no voice to guide—
Good angels, leave him not!

Once more he Satan's breath receives.
On Sultan's neck the rein he leaves,

And vaulting from his seat,
Down cast him on the unconscious ground,
And kissed the mossy rocks around,
The rugged trees her eyes had seen,
The silent path where she had been;
The dewy flowers, the velvet green,
Touched by her sacred feet.
Then sunk in shame his lofty head,
He wept, such tears as never shed
Unhappy warrior yet,
But he who strove, and strove in vain,
To free his soul from sin's foul stain,
And hell's infernal net.

Then starting up, a voice he heard;
His quivering lips repeat the word—
"*Death!*" and leaped forth his glittering sword,
"Receive me, endless night!
Oh earth! whose sweets around me lie,
So calm, so fresh—farewell! I die.
Oh balmy air; oh azure sky!
Farewell, oh radiant light!

And thou, who never canst be mine,
Sweet and beloved Emiline!
My sword shall break thy potent spell;
I die for thee!—farewell, farewell!
When, in thy forest solitude,
The crimson sunset fills the wood,
If thou shouldst rove, where once we roved,
Oh love not thou as I have loved;
But may thy beauty never know
What mischiefs from its sweetness flow."

Now, with stern hand, in cruel haste,
He turned against his aching breast,
The glittering instrument of death.
One moment more—he yields his breath,
When, hark! soft floating on the gale
Came, silver sweet, across the vale,
Another voice:
"Ulric, forbear!
Put up thy sword: it is a snare!
Thy foe, the *Evil One*, is there.
He plies thy soul with wild desires—

With madd'ning thoughts, with devilish fires:
Unveil him to the Christian's eye!
Look, Ulric, look!—on Heaven rely—
Resist the fiend, and he will fly!"

He looked—oh God!—there stood at last,
Revealed, the power that held him fast.

"Save me, in Christ's great name!" he cried,
For he saw plainly at his side,
Half mist, half shadow, silent cling,
A monstrous and a loathsome thing,
Twine round him its abhorrent arms,
And, unrebuked, weave all its charms;
While its foul lips their poison dear
Still poured into his listening ear.

Quick gleamed the sword—yet not the blade,
But the deep prayer, repentant said,
With holy faith and humble mind,
Forced the reluctant, clasping fiend
To loose, at last, its leach-like hold,

And free the warrior, pure and bold,
Who sometimes yielded, nearly thrown
The giddy mountain headlong down,
But still resisted.
"Off! no more,
Deceitful horror!
I adore
At thy foul shrine
Of sin and shame.
Dark demon, back!
In Christ's great name,
I break thy spell,
I rend thy net,
I tread thee, hell,
Beneath my feet!"

Then fled the monster with amaze;
His spells dispersed, his power gone,
Retreated from the steady gaze
Of his strong foe—and plunging down
The lofty mountain's beetling height,
Regained once more that vale of light,

Where, throned in peace and beauty, sat
The lordly Schloss of Rudolstadt.

Kneel, Ulric, kneel!—not now to kiss,
With burning thirst for earthly bliss,
The meadow she had trod:
A higher rapture filled his breast,
A calm content, a holy rest;
And all his heart a voice confessed—
Worship one only God!
For round about their steps that fear,
An angel makes, encamping near,
The blind to see—the deaf to hear,
And the Lord's secret know.
Hark! Ulric, hark! thy charger's neigh
Warns in this scene no ling'ring stay:
Touch not, taste not—obey! obey!
Up! up! stern duty calls! away!
Nor tempt thy watchful foe.

He leaped to the saddle,
Nor needed to chide

The courser, which flew,
In his swiftness and pride,
As if the good angels,
Around him that pressed,
Lent wings to his fleetness,
And fire to his breast.
Still onward, still onward,
Outstripping the wind,
He leaves that dear valley—
He leaves it behind;
And her, whom he names not,
Her image outcast,
He shakes from his bosom,
Like dew on the blast.
Oh space! with thy mountains,
And clouds, intervene!
Oh time! in sweet mercy
Thy years roll between!
On, Sultan! To heaven
Is lifted his brow:
Speed! speed!—'tis from hell's gates
Thou bearest him now.

CANTO XIX.

THERE is triumph in heaven;
A lost one is found!
He hears the sweet voices
Float nearer around:
"A mortal who listens,
And seeks for his brow,
Of religion and virtue,
The sacred halo;

"Attend him, befriend him,
Revive and assist;
Away from his spirit
The poison and mist;
The snares from his feet,
And the scales from his eyes,

And waft, through his bosom,
A breath from the skies.

"Rejoice! we have saved him,
He listens our voice,
He knows us—obeys us;
For ever rejoice!
Already around him
A blessing we throw,
Earth's happiest worshippers
Never can know.

"Wherever he roveth,
Whatever betide,
We will answer his calling,
Will walk by his side.
If sickness assail him,
A cup shall be given,
His torments to soften,
Of patience from heaven.

"If duty conduct him

To ruin's dark brink,
His eyes shall not waver,
His nerves shall not shrink.
If passion assault him,
His soul shall be strong;
He shall pass mid temptation
Untainted along.

"Let him fear—for his way
He hath chosen aright—
Nor the arrow by day,
Nor the terror by night.
Though the earth reel around him,
His spirit shall be,
Like a rock that back dasheth
The foam of the sea."

NOTES.

Note 1.—Canto I.

Rittmeister—a captain of cavalry.

Note 2.—Canto I.

"What time the elector's princely hand
With the new faith had filled the land."

Joachim II, 1535—70. This magnificent Prince embraced the doctrines of Luther. He was an enlightened protector of music and poetry as well as architecture and painting, and during his reign he was obliged to pass sumptuary laws to restrain the luxury and extravagance of his subjects. Watchmen for the city in the night, were first introduced by his successor.

RETURN TO ➡ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

REC. CIR. MAY 2 6 '78		

~~YB 13734~~

YB 13734

M167380

953
F283
u

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY